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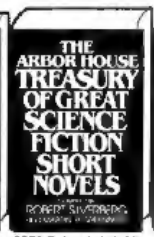

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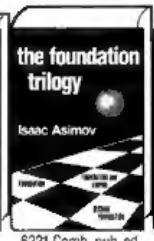

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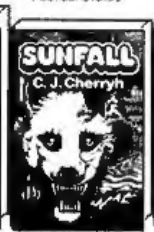

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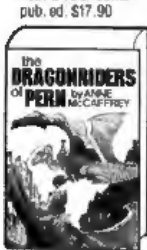

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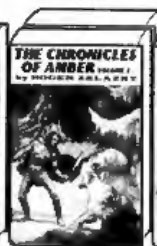

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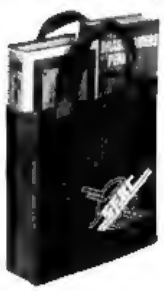

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Back cover, Nikopol, by **Enki Bilal**

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EDITORIAL

Photography by Dean Chamberlain

With life on the spaceship/space colony an eventuality, awareness of ecology—in every sense— is a necessity. Psychological ecology is part of making an environment thoroughly pleasing and effective for the human organism, not only to maintain it but so that it may also thrive. So what's this all about? Visual ecology.

What? Another buzzword. New jargon, yes, but instructive to think of in its construction. *Visual* equals nonverbal, imagistic, and nonlinear.

Ecologic—as in the totality or patterns of relationships between organisms in their environment, whatever that environment happens to be. A balancing and an interaction between organisms and inorganic elements of the environment are symbolized here—the balance between good and evil, light and dark, hard and soft. All the seeming dichotomies are intimately interconnected as two sides of the same coin. Ugliness is as compelling and fascinating as something of beauty. In *Heavy Metal* as well as in the crop of new sf/horror/Kung Fu/samurai films, the scenes of choreographed violence or of a character in its death throes are both a ballet and a stylish display of wonder. The grotesque vies with the beautiful for attention. The act of horror forms a sentence—a statement in language possessing its own form and meaning as special and distinct as a lush red rose.

The notion of visual ecology, where every element within the environment clearly compacts information, whatever its nature, in a conscious—not random—form. Theoretically, a way of saying something in shorthand, an immediate information register, replete with its own vocabulary and grammar. Fashion as a language system, *Heavy Metal*—panel-strip art—as a language system, and so on. A way of backing into a totality of ecology.

In England they understand all this intuitively, as they have transformed dressing into a total statement on life at the present, a surface status report—without taxing expense, either. Whether it be as Teddy Boy, Punk, or Rastafarian, they transform the act of wearing clothes into a political/cultural id. Whether this is a self-conscious gesture, like that of Adam and the Ants, or simply like that of the raffish Psychedelic Fur Richard Butler putting on his dandy-ish frills to accentuate his crusade on the edge as the French romanticist, these acts speak in several languages at once.

Visual ecology is a revolt against the ticky-tacky, the act of not taking for granted what our eyes are here for and what our brain is capable of perceiving. If our so all-holy, televised postliterate state of grace means anything, it means translating the new babble we're blessed with. Be they those of punk attire or *Heavy Metal*, these are new languages to be learned. As school kids, we labored over foreign texts, and now, as the times demand, we assimilate new levels of information and we learn to process them at once. The nearer we get to that total move into space, the greater the responsibility of the information. Understanding visual ecology is part of our training.

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HI! I'M WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PLAYWRIGHT. YOU KNOW, THE BARD OF AVON?
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"TO BE OR NOT TO BE." "OUT, DAMNED SPOT! OUT, I SAY!" JULIUS CAESAR. MACBETH.
THOSE GRIM PLAYS YOU HAD TO WADE THROUGH FOR MRS. BLAVATSKI IN HIGH SCHOOL WERE MINE.
PLODDING, OLD-FASHIONED STUFF, BUT DURABLE!
WHY, TODAY, IN THE NAME OF CULTURE, MY PLAYS ARE STILL BEING RESURRECTED EVERYWHERE.
EVEN HERE.
...IN AMERICA. BUT LET'S BE HONEST WITH EACH OTHER! IT'S ALWAYS TAKEN YOU AT LEAST AN ACT JUST TO DECIPHER THE LANGUAGE IN THE PLAYS, HASN'T IT?
AND YOU NEVER REALLY DO GET THE DIRTY JOKES.
EVEN I DON'T TALK LIKE THAT ANYMORE.
TODAY, COMMUNICATIONS ARE INSTANT, AND BECAUSE EVERYTHING RACES BY SO QUICKLY, NOBODY NEEDS AN ATTENTION SPAN LONGER THAN A CAR CHASE.
BEARING THIS IN MIND, I'VE DECIDED TO BRING BACK MY PLAYS IN A FORM FOR MODERN AUDIENCES.
WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEND AN ACT RELEARNING ELIZABETHAN ENGLISH IN ORDER TO DISCOVER JUST WHO IS SLEEPING WITH WHOM.
HERE, THROUGH THE COURTESY OF UPSTART THEATER, AND, OF COURSE, OUR SPONSOR...
MY PLAYS WILL LIVE AGAIN AS BRIEF BUT TELLING PRESENTATIONS OF GENRE FICTION!
SO, SIT BACK, TURN ON YOUR MAGAZINE, AND RELAX. AS ONCE A MONTH WE PRESENT FOR YOUR AMAZED EYES...
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Chain Mail

Dear Ed:

Who—or what—is Brad Balfour? I don't think he exists in the same universe as the rest of us. His so-called book review of science fiction by women is ludicrous; he stoops to new lows by lambasting books he admits he hasn't even read. As the professional editor of over a decade of science fiction (works by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Jean Lorrah, Joan Winston, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ardath Mayhar, Jayge Carr, Alice Laurence, Suzette Hadin-Elgin, and Octavia Butler), and as a reader of twenty-five years of science fiction (including Joanna Russ, Andre Norton, Ursula Le Guin, Suzy McKee Charnas, Elizabeth Lynn, Joan Vinge, Vonda McIntyre, Tanith Lee, C. J. Cherryh, and others too numerous to list), I feel Mr. Balfour does all of us a disservice. Too bad he's ashamed of this kind of sf; I am proud of it.

Sharon Jarvis
NYC, N.Y.

Dear All:

Loved the Burroughs article on immortality. That man is the greatest prose stylist since Joyce. I was less impressed with the Ellison piece. His rhetoric always reminds me of the kind of speech that traditionally ends up, "And let's get a rope and string the bastards up right now." Doesn't he ever stop hating everybody and anybody in sight? Oh, well, that's his shtick, I guess; different maps for different chaps, different scenes for different genes, different lanes for different brains...

Live long and prosper,
Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Editors:

It might amuse you to know that when I opened the new issue of *Heavy Metal* in Jumpin' Joe's Tavern down here in Bucks, it created quite a sensation with our local farmers and laborers and also our charming barmaid, Barbara, who weighs 200 pounds approx.

Of course I'm a fossil comic-book writer from the ancient days of Green Lantern and Captain Marvel, and when I visit old colleagues at DC they point out that the art has passed me by and, good as I was, I could never write comics today. They're quite right, but I can still appreciate your beautiful production and magnificent artwork. I was particularly captivated by Enki Bilal's "The Immortals' Fete," and if my publisher weren't already committed to an artist to illustrate my new novel I'd make a powerful pitch for M. Bilal. Our imaginations seem to run in parallel.

Again, congratulations to you, your staff, and your contributors on a breathtaking creation. Best of all, you're not afraid to produce an elite magazine, which, in these days of TV-generated L.C.D., gives me hope.

Alfred Bester
Ottsville, Pa.

Embarrassing moment #5216:
Our sincere apologies to George Ungar! George did three illustrations on page 54 and 55 of the August issue (in the *HM* movie segment). Seems that we credited them to Loni Lloyd by mistake. We beg pardon of both artists involved.

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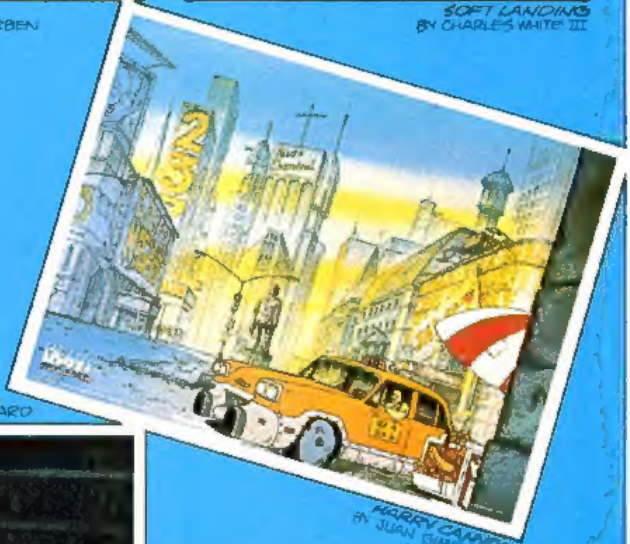

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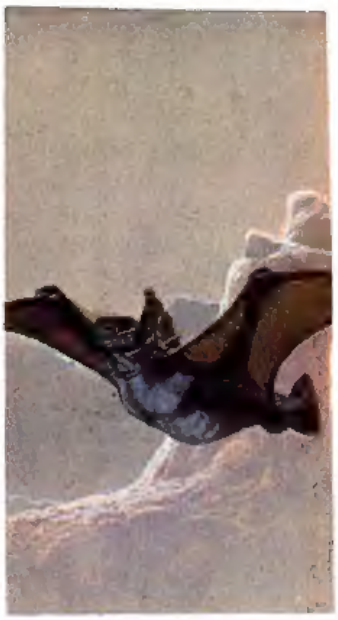
THE ENORMOUS VALLEY, SITUATED IN THE REMOTE MOUNTAINOUS ZONE OF THE CONTINENT, HAD REMAINED ISOLATED FROM THE EVOLUTION OF THE PLANET. THE ROUGH, STEEP, AND ARID ZONE HAD CREATED A DISTINCTIVE FAUNA. THE GREAT REPTILES HADN'T DISAPPEARED. THEY EVOLVED INTO HUGE FLYING FORMS, EACH ONE DRASTICALLY DIFFERENT. MAN WAS LEFT SECLUDED, PERPETUALLY COVERED BY A GROUPING OF THICK CLOUDS THAT SEPARATED HIM FROM THE LOW LANDS. THIS VOLUMINOUS COVERING GAVE THE AWESOME FEELING OF THE HEAVENS UP ABOVE.



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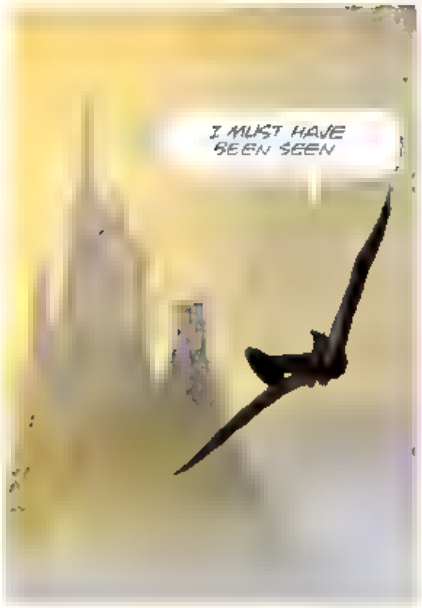
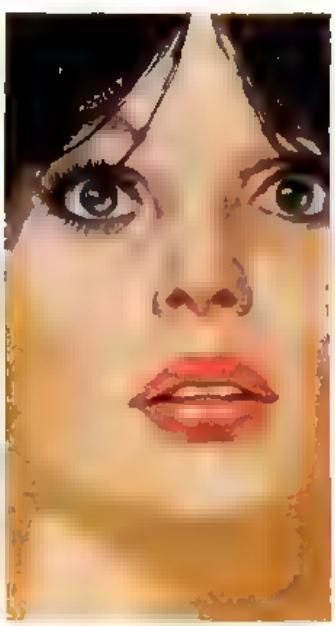
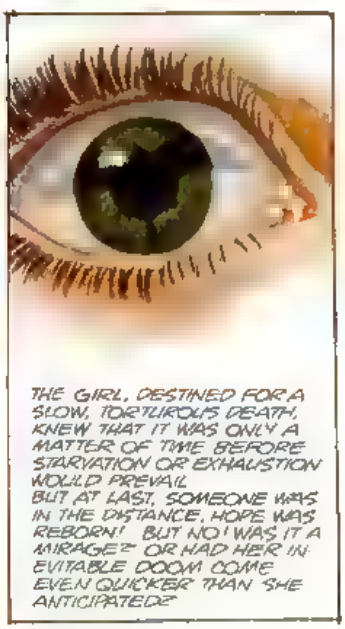
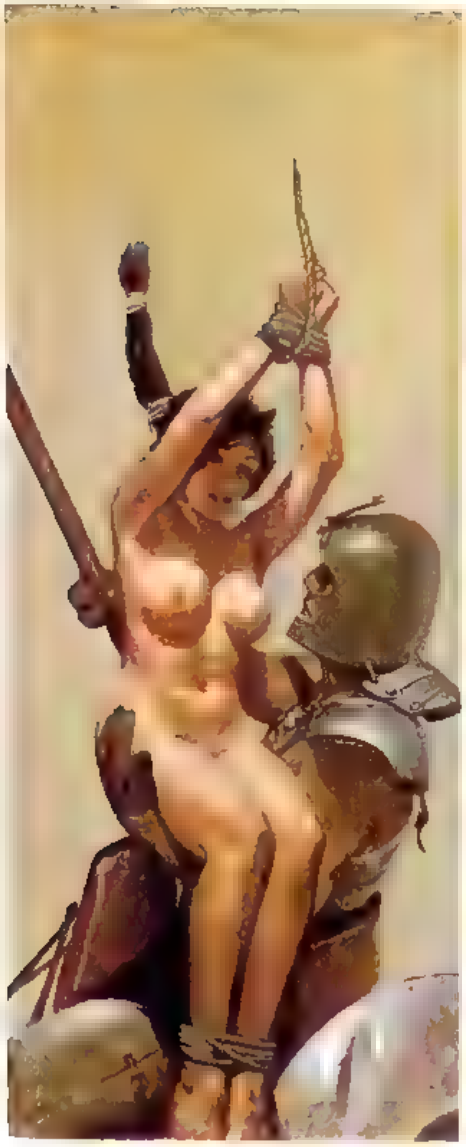






THE GIRL, DESTINED FOR A SLOW, TORTUROUS DEATH, KNEW THAT IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE STARVATION OR EXHAUSTION WOULD PREVAIL
BUT AT LAST, SOMEONE WAS IN THE DISTANCE. HOPE WAS REBORN! BUT NO! WAS IT A MIRAGE? OR HAD HER INEVITABLE DOOM COME EVEN QUICKER THAN SHE ANTICIPATED?

STAY STILL! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE



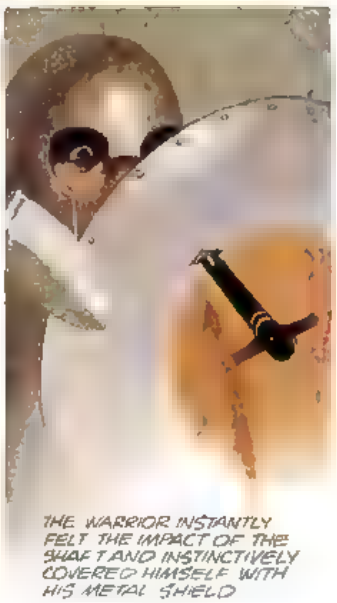
WEAVING PRECISELY AWAY FROM THE CLIFF, THE DRAGON SUCCEEDED IN TAKING FLIGHT A SECOND TIME.

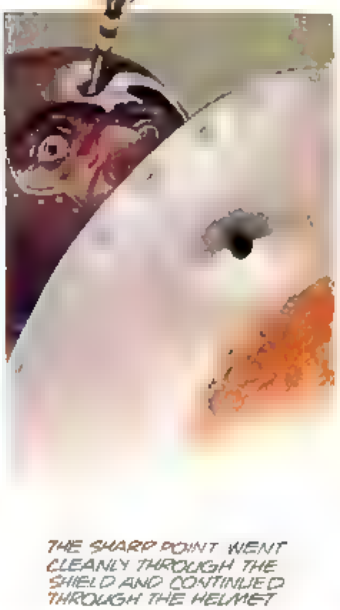
INDEED, THE AGILE INTERCEPTORS HAD HIM IN A DEFENSELESS SITUATION AS THEY SWIRLED ABOUT HIM WITH RAPID DIVES. HE WAS FRANTICALLY HELPING THE WOMAN FREE HERSELF FROM THE BINDINGS AND SET HERSELF SAFELY IN THE SADDLE.

BUT THE FIRST LUNGE ON THE PART OF THE ATTACKERS WAS HASTY AND FAR OFF TARGET. THEY SHOT THEIR ARROWS THROUGH SMALL BOWS MADE OF ANIMAL RIBS, AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE POWER TO PENETRATE SUFFICIENTLY THE SKIN OF THE ENORMOUS REPTILE OR THE SHIELD OF THE WARRIOR. ONLY A PRECISE SHOT IN AN EXPOSED SPOT WOULD BE EFFECTIVE.

THE ATTACKERS NOTING THE SUCCESS OF HIS ARROWS, DREW THEIR HEAVY LANCES THEY CHARGED AT HIM, IN ORDER TO BE CERTAIN OF THEIR KILLING

THE MERCENARY WAS USING A POWERFUL BOW HUGE IN SIZE AND MADE OF ELM WOOD. HE FIRED HIS ARROW WHICH TOOK OFF AT A SPEED FASTER THAN 100 METERS PER SECOND ADDED TO THE VELOCITY OF THE SIDESWIPING OF TWO REPTILES THE IMPACT WAS SPECTACULAR





THE ATTACK ON THE INTERCEPTOR WAS SO CLOSE THAT THE MERCENARY LOST A FEW PRECIOUS AND NECESSARY MOMENTS RELOADING HIS BOW. ANOTHER WARRIOR TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THIS AND PLUNGED FULL FORCE INTO THE MERCENARY'S PATH. HE MISSED THE MERCENARY, BUT SUCCEEDED IN RUINING HIS EXTRAORDINARY BOW

WE ARE DEFENSELESS AT A CLOSE DISTANCE. IF HE GETS TOO CLOSE WITH THAT LANCE, WE'RE IN TROUBLE!
THE WOUND IS BAD! IT'S BLEEDING A LOT! I DON'T THINK WE'LL GET VERY FAR. IF WE CAN AT LEAST CROSS THIS BARRIER OF MOUNTAINS, WE'LL BE SAFE FROM OTHER INTERCEPTORS. THESE DAMNED DRAGONS ARE FAST, BUT AT THIS HEIGHT, THEY BEGIN TO GET ASPHYXIATED

HE HAS NO MORE STRENGTH WE ARE LOSING SPEED AND ALTITUDE HE'S FINISHED
LOOK! IF WE COULD ONLY REACH THAT PLATEAU!
HE'S NOT REACTING TO THE REIN HE MUST BE GOING THERE BY INSTINCT
HE HAS DIED!

TO BE CONTINUED

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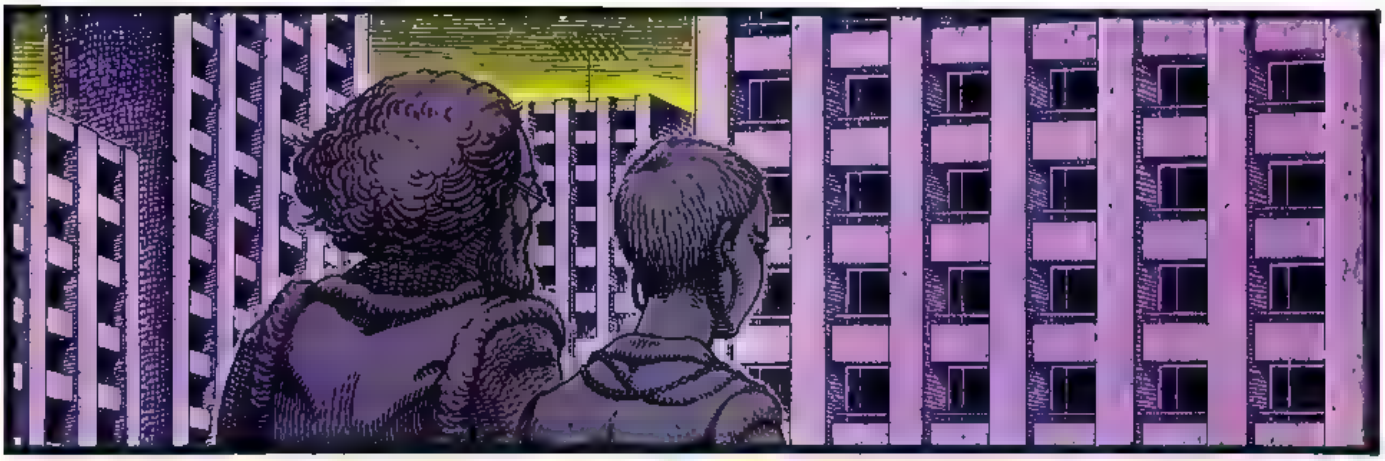
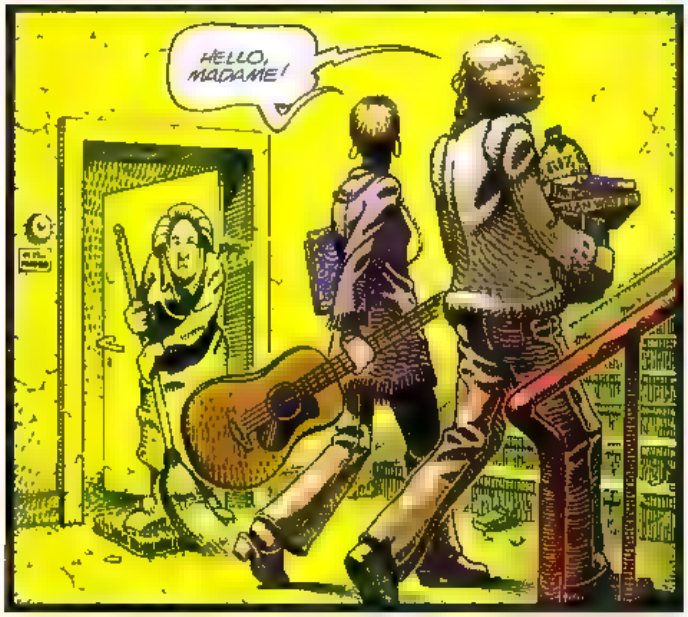
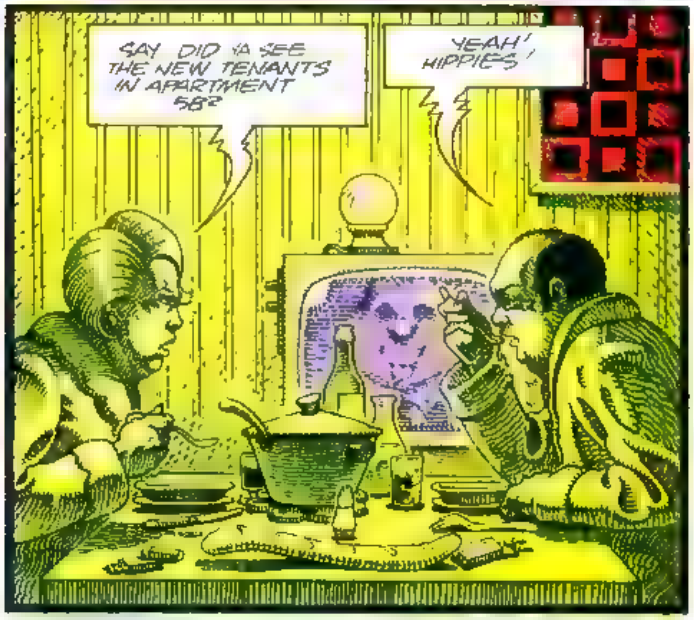
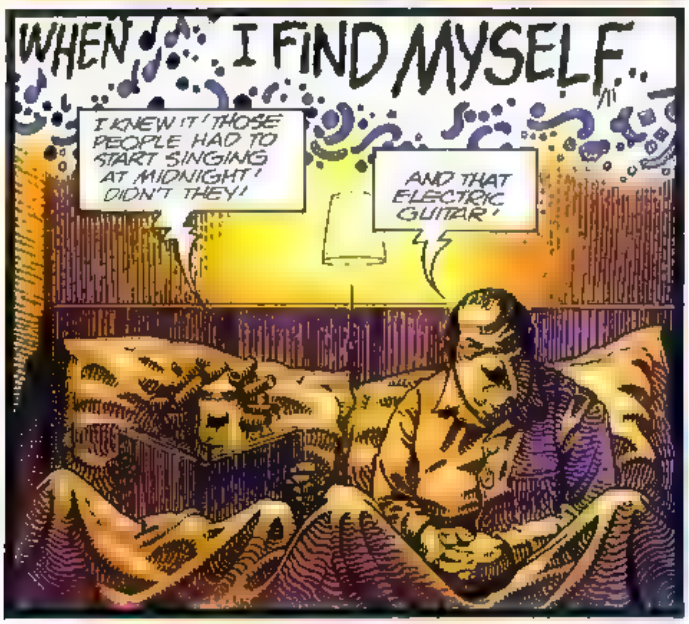
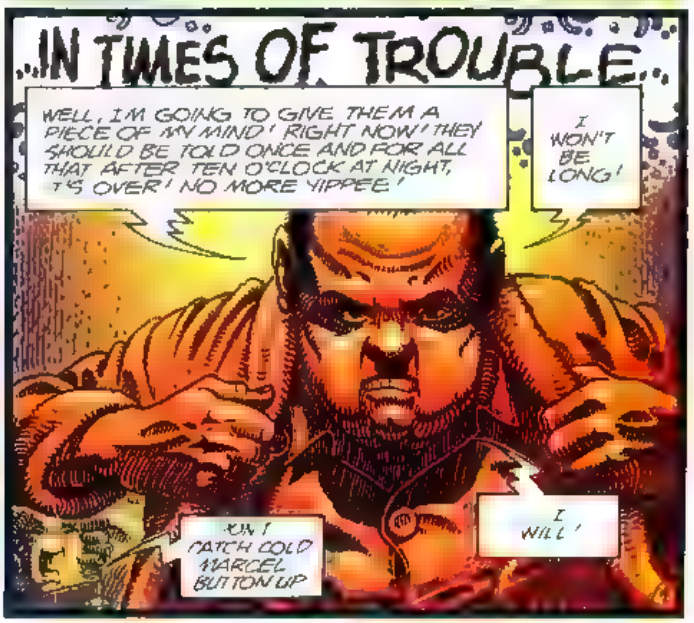
OVERGROUND



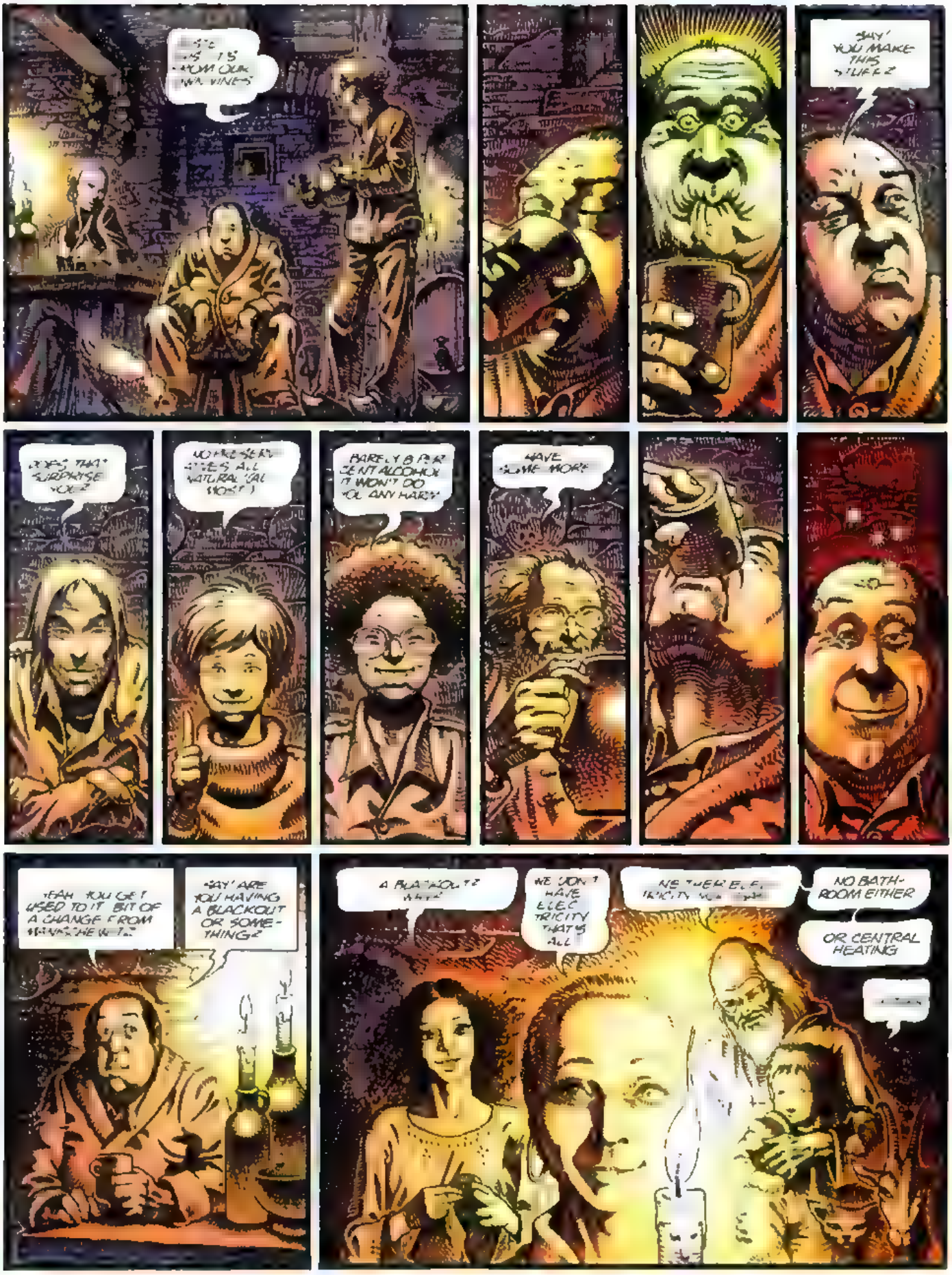

HELLO, MADAME!


SAY DID YA SEE THE NEW TENANTS IN APARTMENT 5B2
YEAH! HIPPIES!


WHEN I FIND MYSELF..
I KNEW IT! THOSE PEOPLE HAD TO START SINGING AT MIDNIGHT! DIDN'T THEY!
AND THAT ELECTRIC GUITAR!

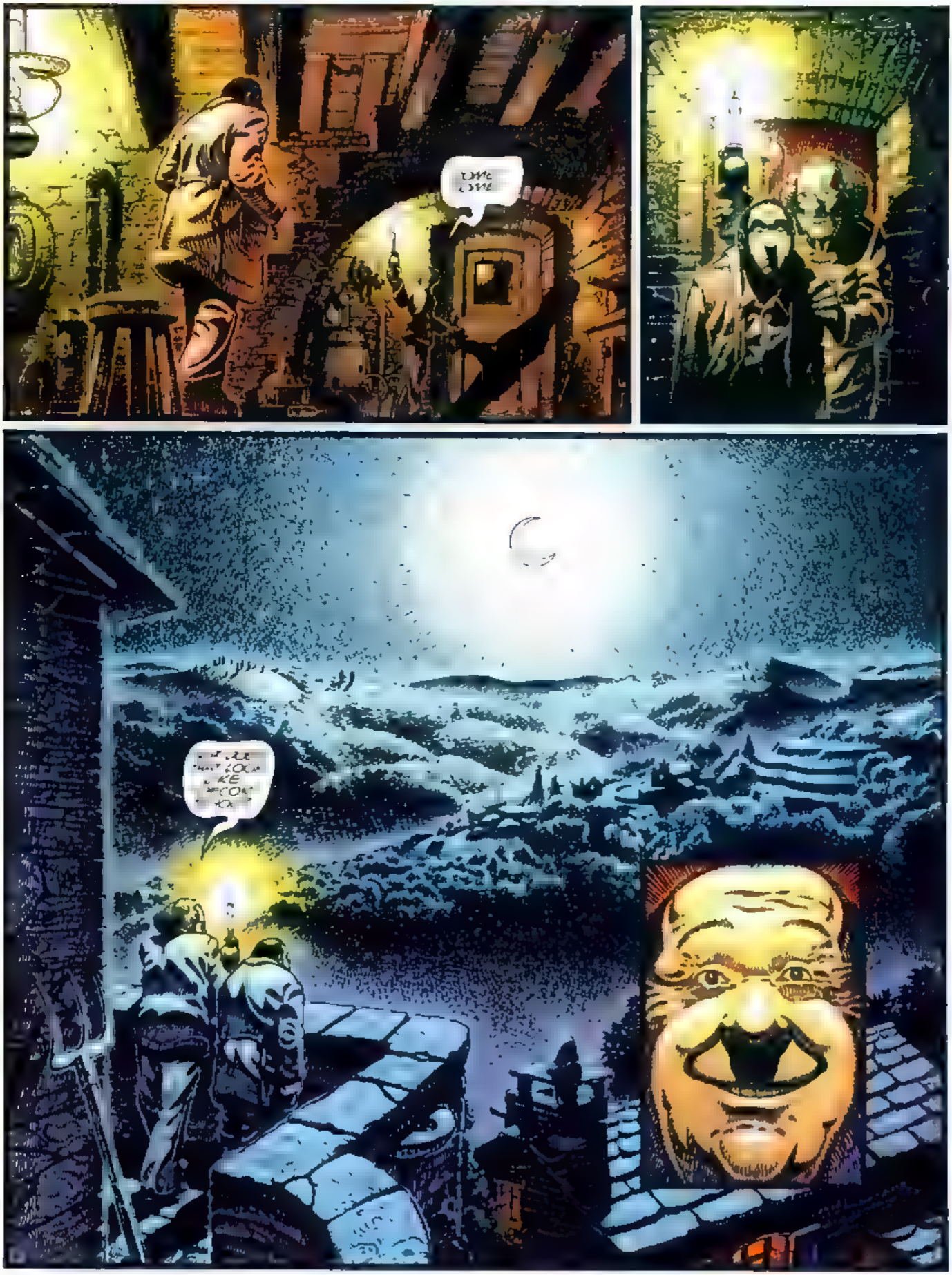

..IN TIMES OF TROUBLE..
WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM A PIECE OF MY MIND! RIGHT NOW! THEY SHOULD BE TOLD ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT AFTER TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT, IT'S OVER! NO MORE YIPPEE!
I WON'T BE LONG!
RUN! CATCH COLD MARCEL BUTTON UP
I WILL!

...MOTHER MARY COMES...
DAMNED HIPPIES!
STRANGE NO DOOR BELL
...TO ME...
TOC TOC TOC
AND NO LOCK!
THEY REALLY LIVE LIKE ANIMALS!
...NG...
SIT DOWN
HAVE A GLASS OF WINE

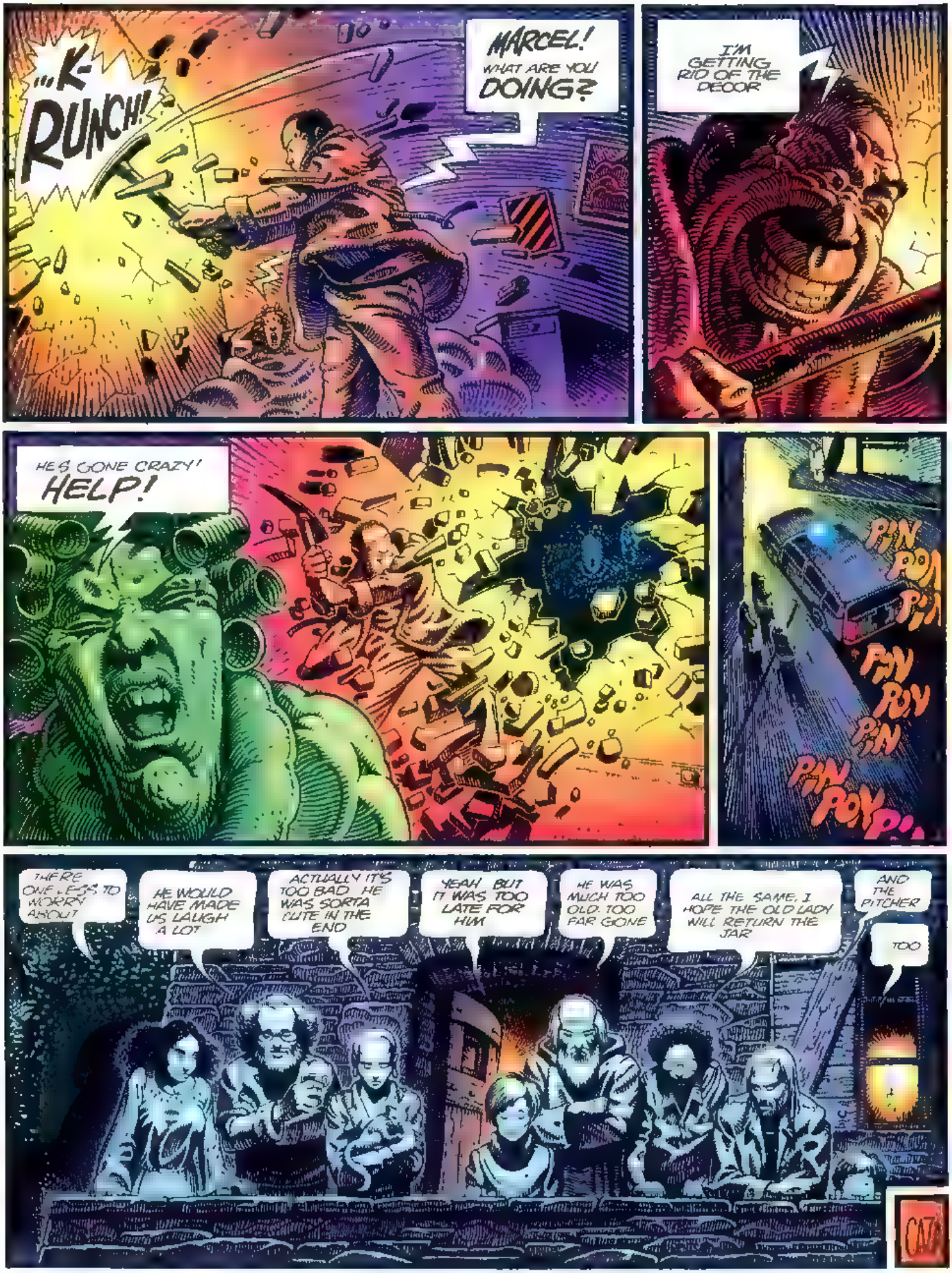

SAY! YOU MAKE THIS STUFF?
DOES THAT SURPRISE YOU?
NO! THIS IS ALL NATURAL (AL MOST!)
BARELY 8 PER CENT ALCOHOL IT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM
HAVE SOME MORE
YEAH YOU GET USED TO IT BIT OF A CHANGE FROM
SAY! ARE YOU HAVING A BLACKOUT OR SOMETHING?
A BLACKOUT? WHAT?
WE DON'T HAVE ELECTRICITY THAT'S ALL
NO THERE'S NO
NO BATHROOM EITHER
OR CENTRAL HEATING

NO ELECTRICITY? BUT WHAT DO YOU DO FOR TELE-VISION?
THE TV!
OH, MAN!
STOP IT!
OH, HOW FUNNY!
OH, IT CAN'T BE FOR REAL!
HA!
WHAT A CRETE!
HA!
AND IT DOESN'T TALK
AND IT'S IN COLOR
TOO

YEAH YOUR PLACE IS NOT HALF BAD! IT REMINDS ME OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S, IN THE NAPA VALLEY
ESPECIALLY THE DECOR WHAT IS THAT POLYSTYRENE?
DECOR? WHAT'S POLYSTYRENE?
WELL, YOU KNOW THE FAKE STONES THE FAKE BEAMS ALL OF IT THE FIREPLACE AND IT ALL WORKS! ALL OF THIS, IN AN APARTMENT BUILDING IS TERRIFIC!
YES?
THAT'S NOT THE DECOR"!
THE DECOR IS EVERYTHING ELSE!



EPILOGUE
CHAU-AVE
COME BACK WHEN EVER YOU WANT
GOOD BYE MAN!
YES YES I'LL BRING THE JAR BACK AND THE PITCHER
SO MARCEL? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? AREN'T YOU COMING TO BED?
MARCEL!
MARCEL!

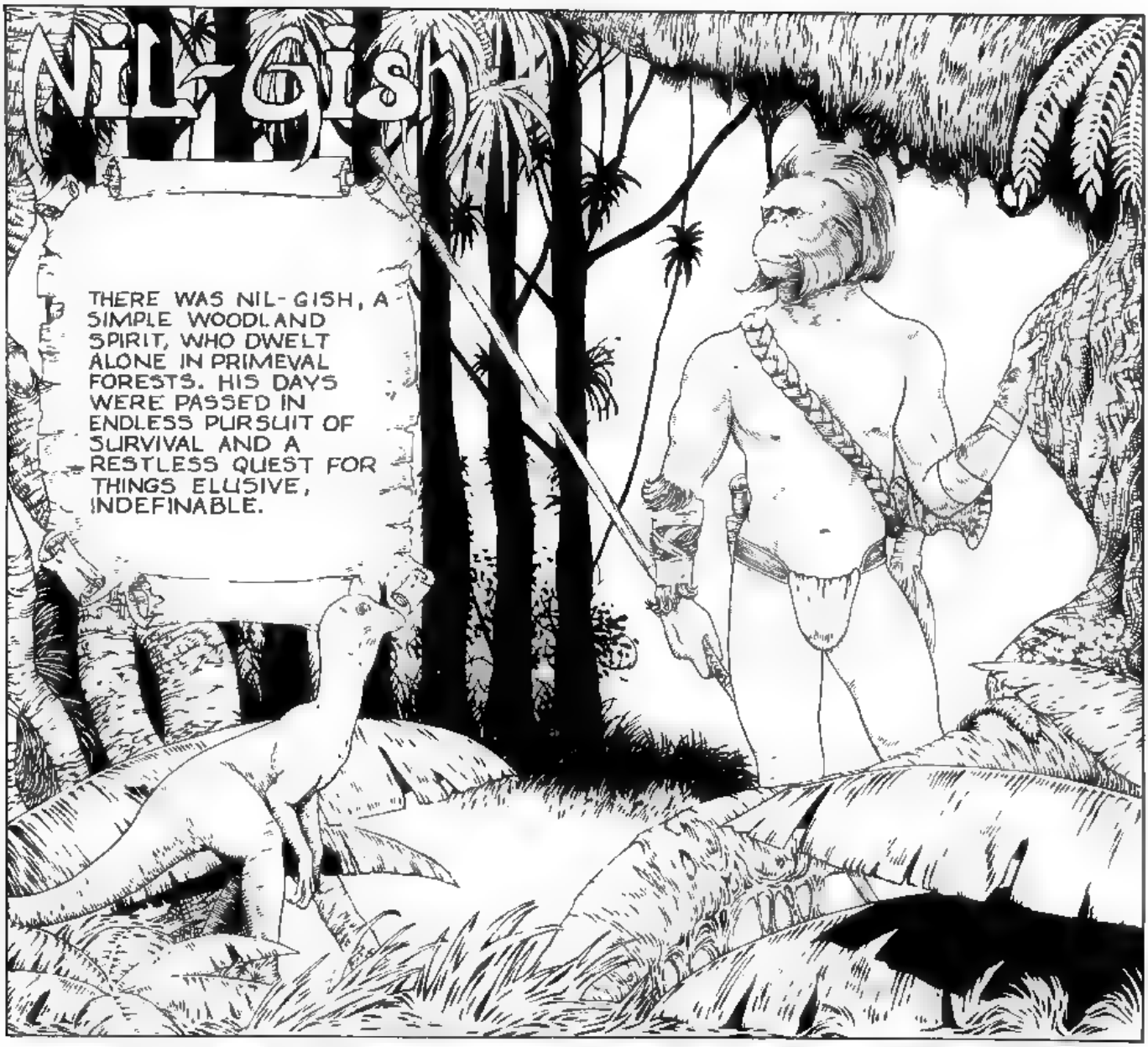

K-RUNCH!
MARCEL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GETTING RID OF THE DECOR
HE'S GONE CRAZY! HELP!
PIN POY PIN
PIN POY PIN
PIN POY P..
THERE ONE LESS TO WORRY ABOUT
HE WOULD HAVE MADE US LAUGH A LOT
ACTUALLY IT'S TOO BAD HE WAS SORTA CUTE IN THE END
YEAH, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR HIM
HE WAS MUCH TOO OLD. TOO FAR GONE
ALL THE SAME, I HOPE THE OLD LADY WILL RETURN THE JAR
AND THE PITCHER
TOO
CAZ

I'M AGE
IS IT COMING?
QUIET!
AND JUST KEEP STILL
HERE IT COMES!
BUT IT ONLY CAME TO PASS

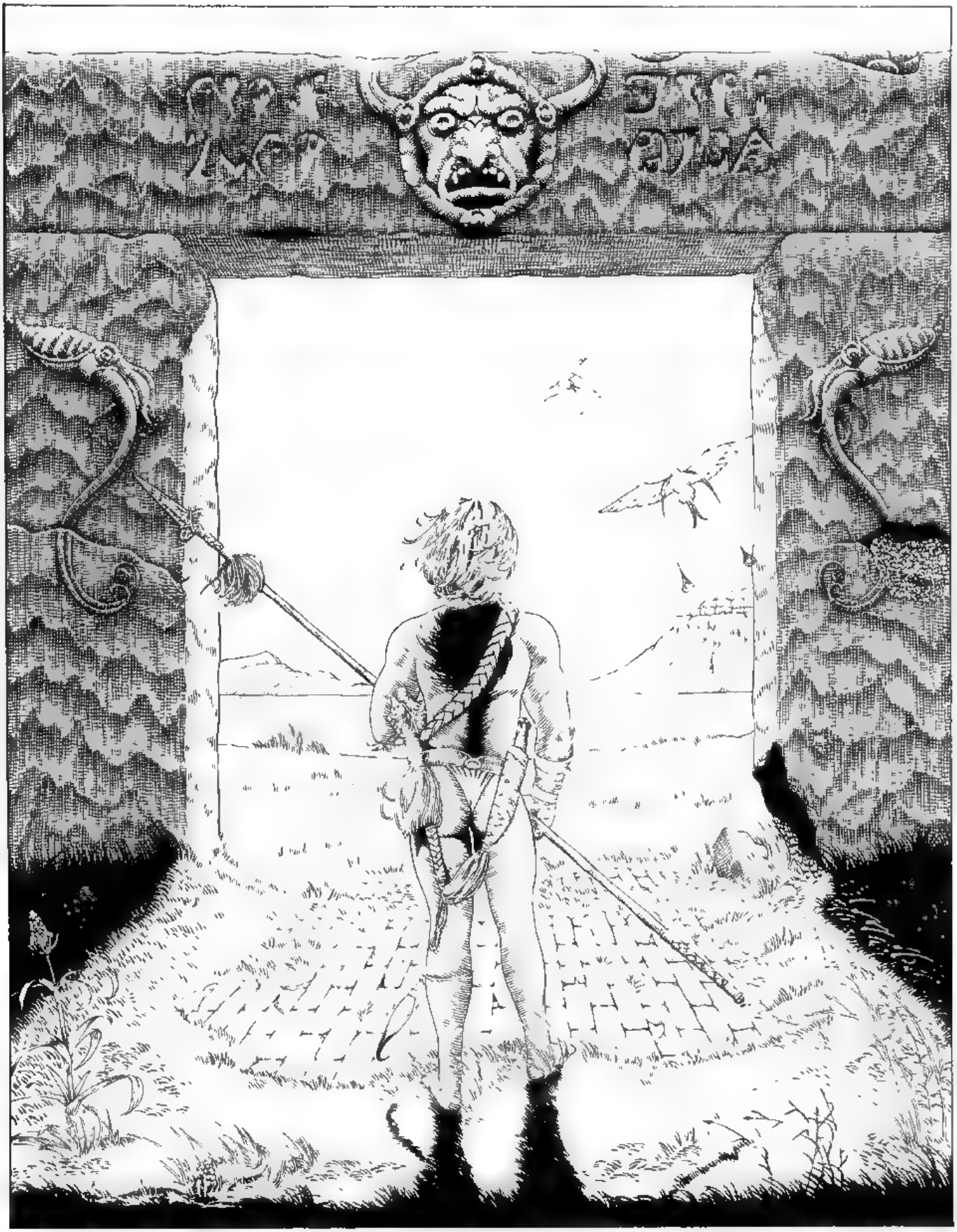
NIL-GISH

AN INVENTION OF GARY DAVIS

Nil-Gish

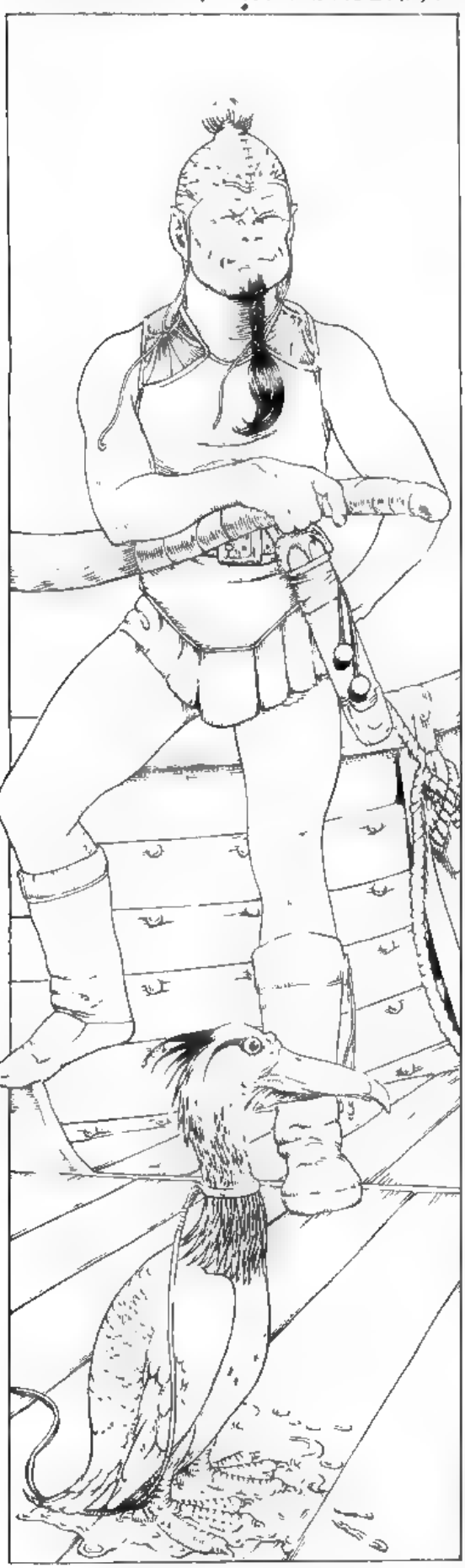

THERE WAS NIL-GISH, A SIMPLE WOODLAND SPIRIT, WHO DWELT ALONE IN PRIMEVAL FORESTS. HIS DAYS WERE PASSED IN ENDLESS PURSUIT OF SURVIVAL AND A RESTLESS QUEST FOR THINGS ELUSIVE, INDEFINABLE.

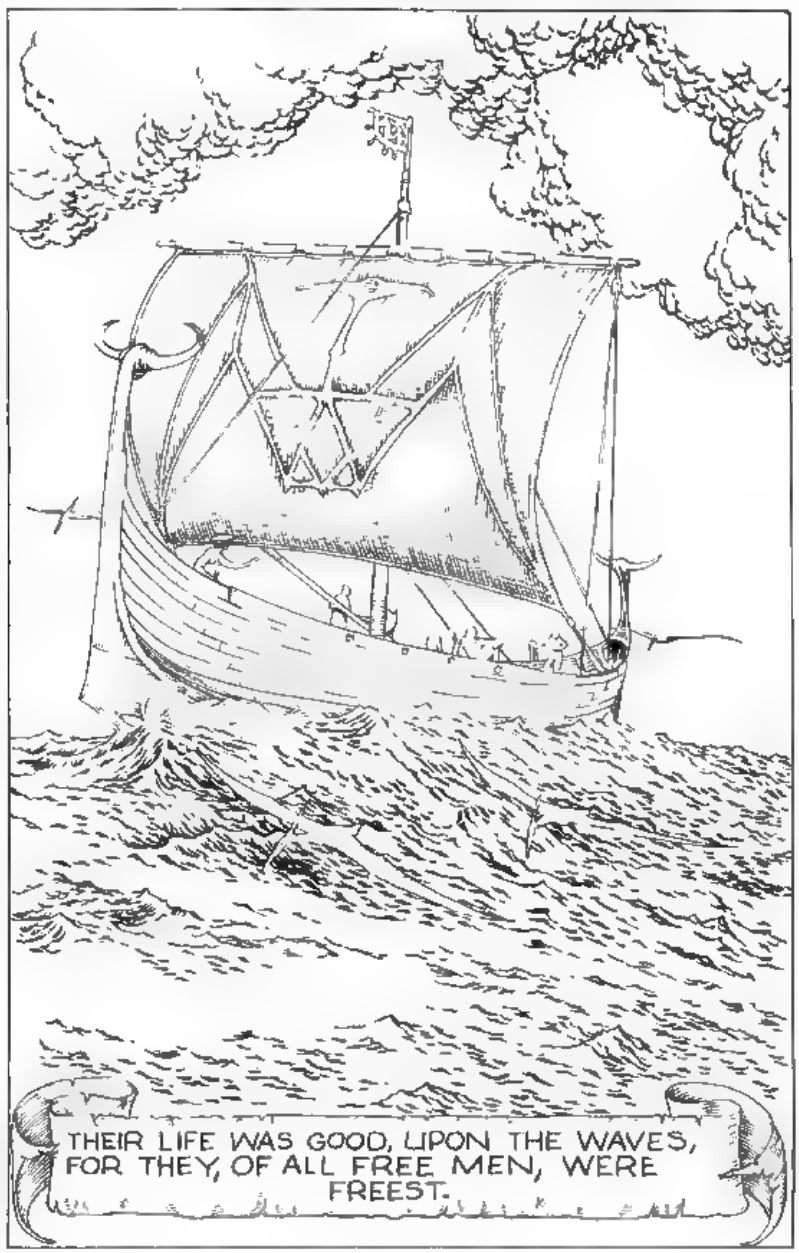
AT NIGHT, WHEN SINISTER NOCTURNAL BEINGS PROWLED, HE WOULD RETREAT TO ARBOREAL SANCTUARIES.



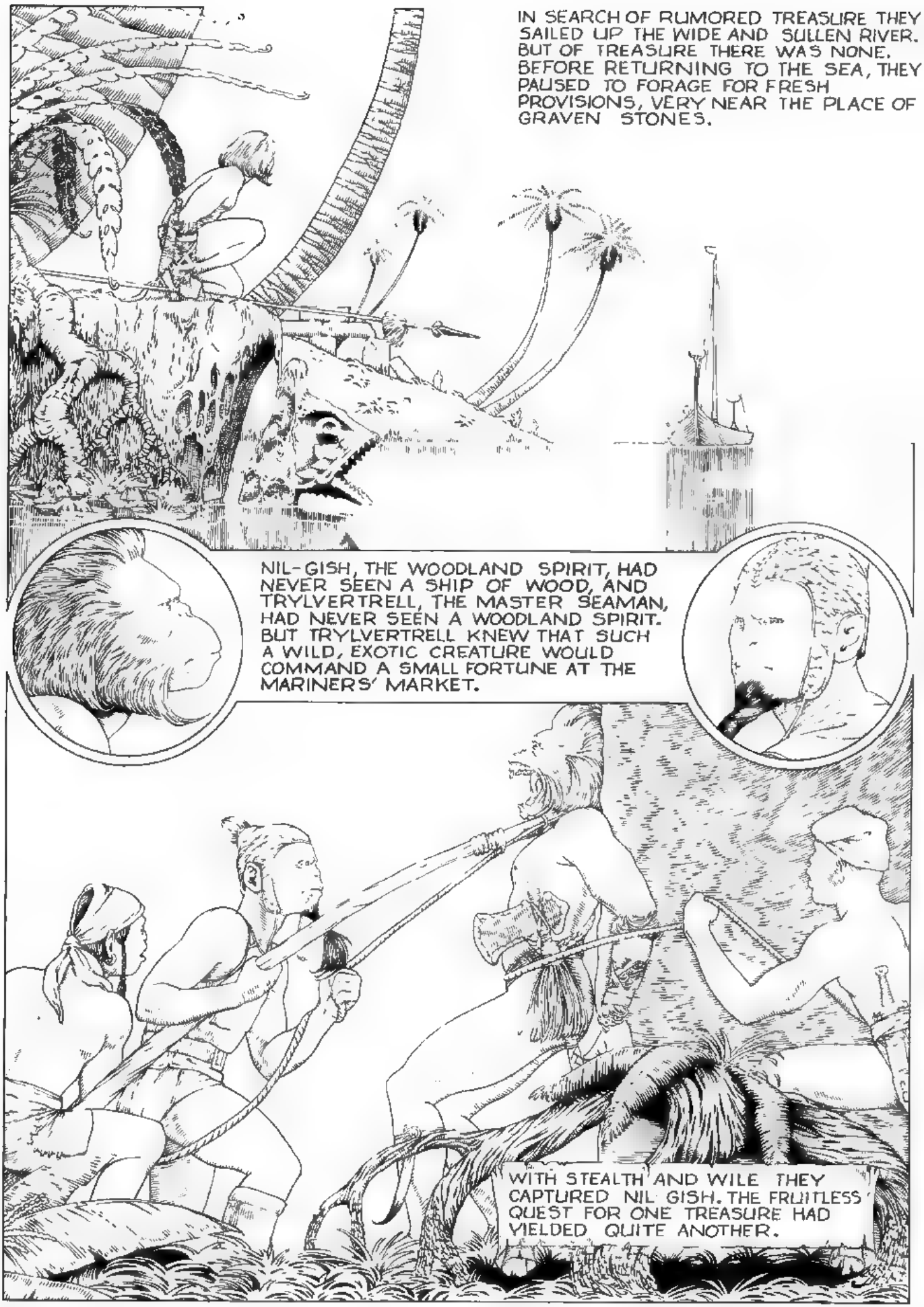
THERE WAS THE PLACE OF GRAVEN STONES, MUTE AND HAUNTED, ON THE PLAIN NEAR THE WIDE WATERS. HERE, IT SEEMED, RESIDED GREAT SECRETS AND PROFOUND WISDOMS JUST BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF AWARENESS. TO THIS PLACE OF VAGUE DISQUIET NIL-GISH WAS DRAWN, EVER AND ALWAYS, TO CONTEMPLATE THEIR MEANING. EVEN WITH THE STRANGE FOREBODING THEY EVOKED HE WOULD RETURN AGAIN AND AGAIN, FOR WITH EACH VISIT IT SEEMED REVELATION OF THEIR DEEPEST SECRETS WAS JUST WITHIN HIS GRASP.

THERE WAS TRYLVERTRELL, THE MASTER SEAMAN, WHO SAILED THE SEAS IN A STURDY WOODEN SHIP WITH HIS CREW OF LUSTY SAILORS. THEY ROVED THE WORLD, FREE MEN ALL, FOR TREASURE, PLUNDER, AND ADVENTURE.



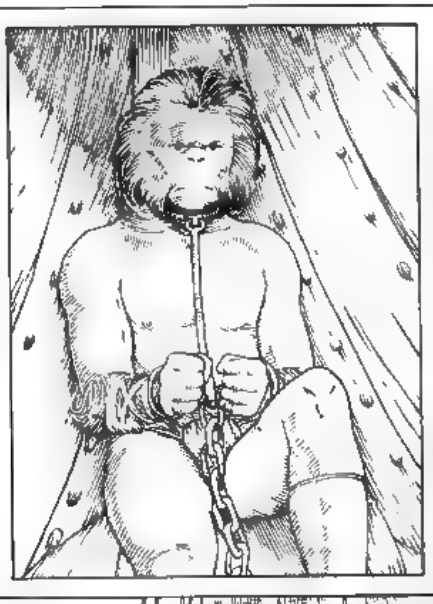


THEIR LIFE WAS GOOD, UPON THE WAVES, FOR THEY, OF ALL FREE MEN, WERE FREEST.

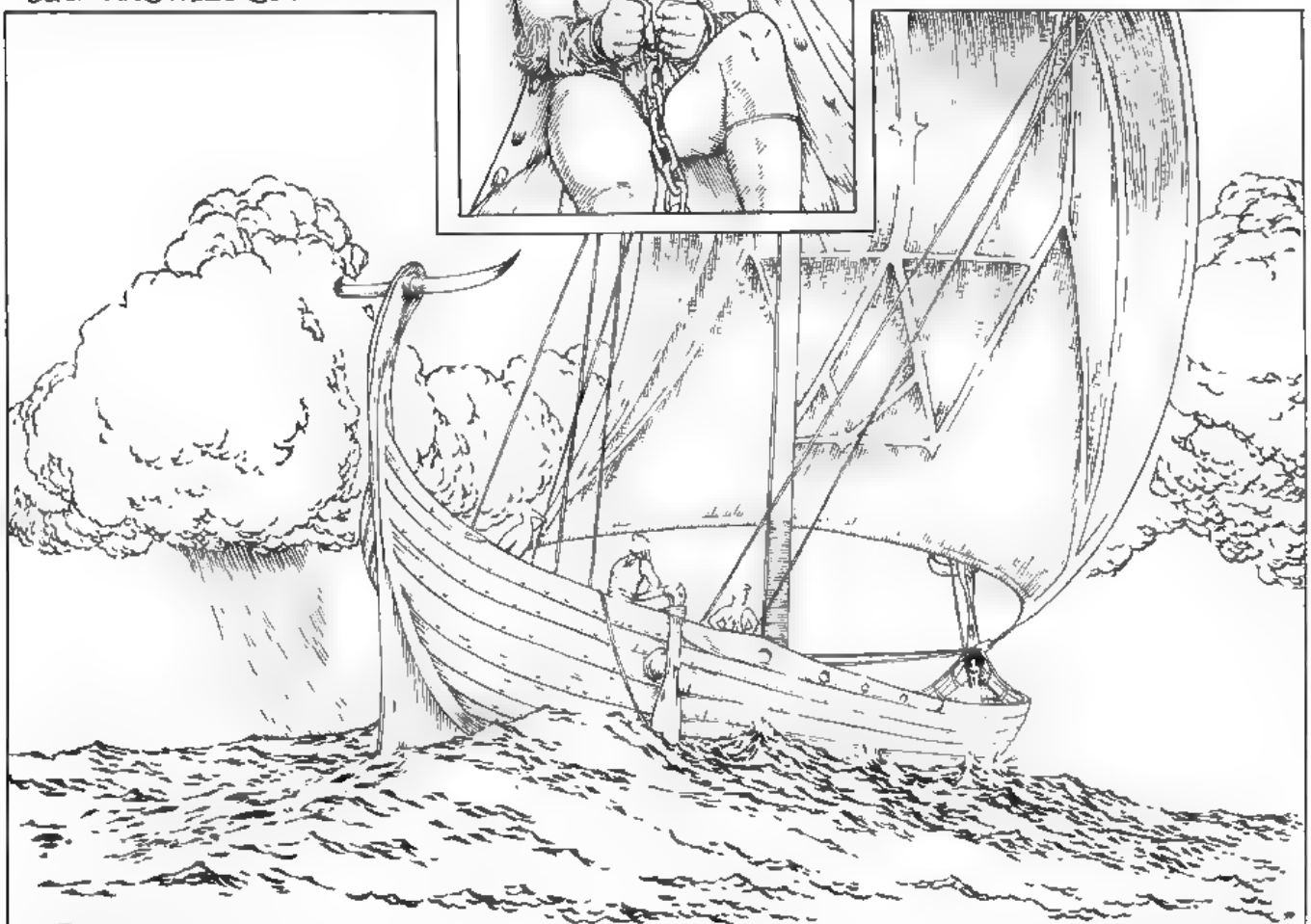

IN SEARCH OF RUMORED TREASURE THEY SAILED UP THE WIDE AND SULLEN RIVER. BUT OF TREASURE THERE WAS NONE. BEFORE RETURNING TO THE SEA, THEY PAUSED TO FORAGE FOR FRESH PROVISIONS, VERY NEAR THE PLACE OF GRAVEN STONES.
NIL-GISH, THE WOODLAND SPIRIT, HAD NEVER SEEN A SHIP OF WOOD, AND TRYLVERTRELL, THE MASTER SEAMAN, HAD NEVER SEEN A WOODLAND SPIRIT. BUT TRYLVERTRELL KNEW THAT SUCH A WILD, EXOTIC CREATURE WOULD COMMAND A SMALL FORTUNE AT THE MARINERS' MARKET.
WITH STEALTH AND WILE THEY CAPTURED NIL GISH. THE FRUITLESS QUEST FOR ONE TREASURE HAD YIELDED QUITE ANOTHER.

THEY SET SAIL FOR THE OPEN SEA, SPIRITS HIGH THAT ONCE WERE FLAGGING. THEY HAD NO NEED FOR PRECIOUS METALS AND PRICELESS GEMS WITH SUCH AS THEY NOW CARRIED.

HAD THEY KNOWN WHAT THEY WERE DOING, THEY SURELY WOULD NOT HAVE DONE IT. BUT THEY COULD NOT KNOW, FOR N THOSE DAYS THERE WAS NO SUCH KNOWLEDGE.



THEY COULD NOT KNOW IT WAS UNWISE TO STEAL A WOODLAND SPIRIT, NOR EVEN THAT THEY HAD DONE SO.



SO PERHAPS IT WAS A BIT UNFAIR, THE FATE THAT OVERTOOK THEM, BUT IN SUCH MATTERS THE LAWS ARE CLEAR; IGNORANCE CANNOT EXCUSE IT. DO NOT MOLEST, IF YOU CAN AVOID IT, A WILD, EXOTIC WOODLAND SPIRIT

THE END

B.J. BUTTERFLY

B.J. BUTTERFLY IS A NINE-INCH-TALL SPRITE FROM "ANOTHER PLACE." SHE VISITS EARTH WHENEVER THERE'S A GOOD MOVIE ON TELEVISION. HER BEST FRIEND IS FUZZY THE CAT, A FELINE WITH A FONDNESS FOR JOHN FORD FILMS AND THE MUSIC OF THE McGUIRE SISTERS.

AH, FUZZY, MY FRIEND...
?
I SAW A MOVIE ONCE...AT THE THEATER. IT WAS CALLED RED SKY AT MORNING.
IT WAS JUST WONDERFUL! I LOVED IT!
THEN ONE DAY I FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS GOING TO BE SHOWN ON NETWORK TELEVISION. GREAT, HUH, FUZZY?
I GOT ALL MY FRIENDS TOGETHER AND MADE THEM WATCH IT!

OH, I KNEW THERE'D BE CUTS. THE NUDITY AND THE CUSSING WOULD GO OUT THE WINDOW! BUT... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THOSE TV NETWORK JERKS DID TO THAT NICE LITTLE MOVIE? HUH?

©1981 JOHN WORKMAN

DEN II

In the first episode of the further adventures of our hero Den offers to defend the people of Neverwhere and to keep the oh so powerful stones of the Locnar away from the villainous queen—under one condition that is. Zeg must help him and Kathy return to Earth, as per her request

©1980 [illegible]

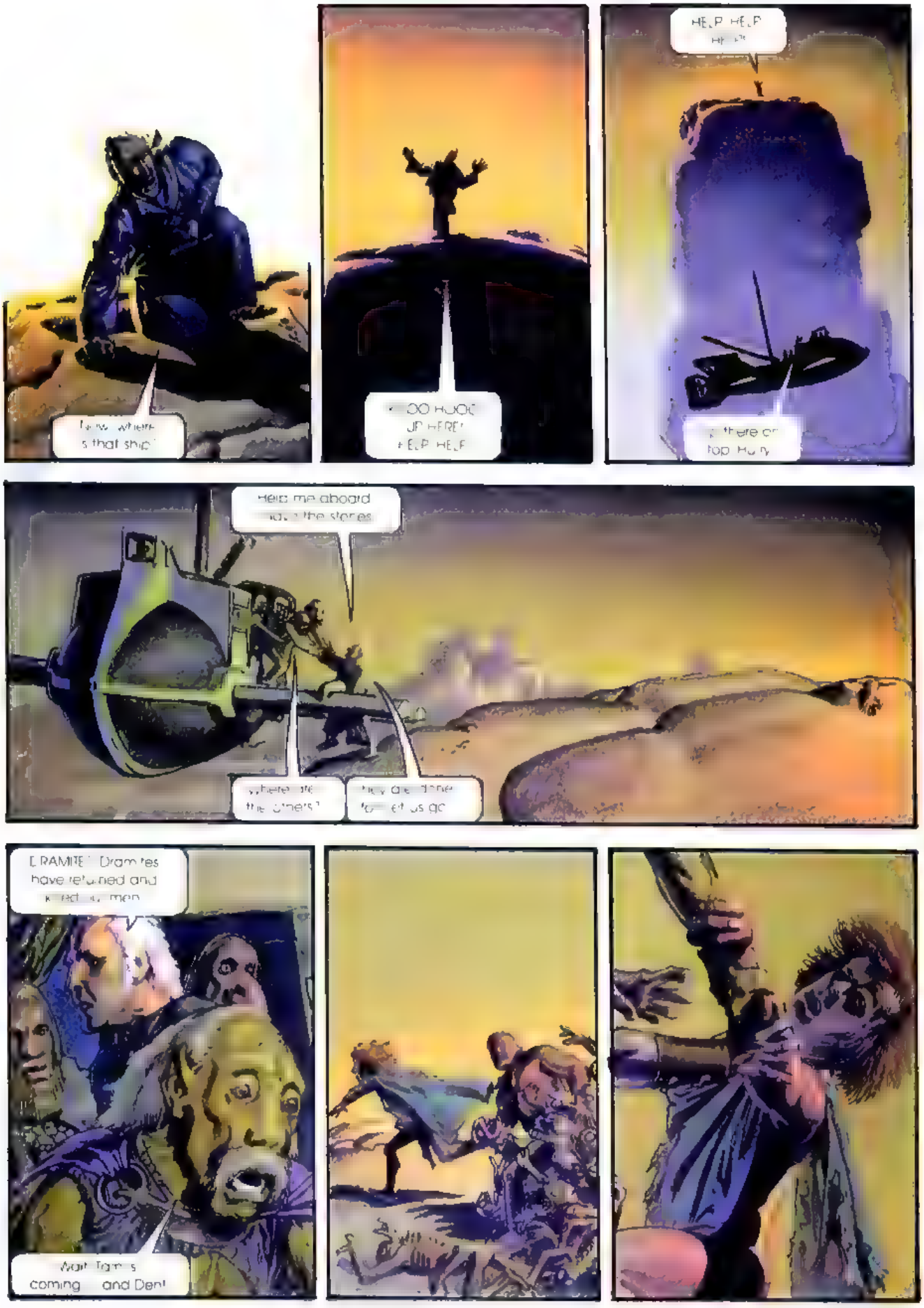
[illegible] we descend onto this [illegible] the abandoned [illegible] the [illegible] stories are hidden there
Everyone keep a sharp lookout for the [illegible] a hundred feet And watch for the [illegible] dies No loud talking and keep your weapons at hand
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
here to the left

Circle once! Look for any sign of the queen's troops
Landing party! Scon, myself Nork Blatz and Tarn. Let's go! Everyone on board be ready to fight or run
Den, they've been here. Look, tracks everywhere
We must enter immediately. Perhaps they did not find the stones
don't like this. These are the tracks of battle
Here's the entrance
God, this thing's huge
Oh, this was just a small outpost
During the Age of the Dramites, over five hundred years ago, there were hundreds of towers larger than this one

The Dromites were a small race?
This was a workers entrance. They were smaller than the others
How much further Scon?
The stones are in the chamber above I believe
Wait what's that?
Bring the lamp here
Bones!
By the gods they've been freshly butchered
These are the emblems of the Dragon Guard But who or what did this?
Everybody quiet I hear something strange
From the depths
NO NO They've returned
Who's at
Hurry Scon to the upper room

DRAMITES!
SSSCCRRREEEEAAAHH!
We'll hold them back as long as we can
Search for the stones above. Soon then seek escape on the tower roof
BAM
BLAM
SSKKRRROOOUUGH!
POW
BLAM

More of the
My pleasure
SLURCH
GLUK
THLK
Merry
please
For God's sake
Hold them back!
Up here!
We can make
a better defense
AAAGH!
we're finished


Now where's that ship
OOOO

Depart. We cannot save him. That
can get close
enough for him to
jump. I'm coming around
BAM!
BAM
DEN! DEN!
JUMP!
Help
AAAAAAAH!

NEW MUSICS

Photograph William Coupon

Lydia Lunch

It's obvious: rock music has yet to shake off the virulently clinging "Boys Town on parade" syndrome. The condition *has* improved, but while wimmen artists have scoured much of the contagion from the corpus, they still haven't achieved the separate-but-equal status due them as a matter of course. Back in the Dark Ages choice was restricted to either *a*) singing mannequins or *b*) pouting, throaty-voiced blow up dolls. There are now other alternatives, but as the demand to fuel adolescent masturbation engines remains unquenchable, there will continue to be careers built on the male-manipulated symbology of stage front seduction.

Pat Benatar—latest waxing *Precious Time* (Chrysalis) - squats squarely in this territory buoyed by a pair of photogenic cheekbones, a cutely protruding lower lip, a dangerously ambiguous boy/girl figure sheathed in tight clothes (pedophilia, anyone?), and (only secondarily, I suspect) a repertoire of calculatedly commercial, power-chorded pop-rock. Her stance at least displays a modicum of independence, unlike that of old hand Maggie Bell who in concert with her new band, Midnight Flyer (self-titled debut on Swan Song), sticks to a diet of the same old hard-loving-mama wronged-by-evil-man horseshit, with a side order of self-hate and masochism to make it even more repulsive.

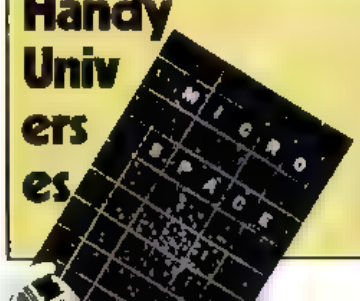
Instead of discarding the one-dimensional pinup image, Blondie's Debbie Harry and ex-model Grace Jones redefine it by adding depth to their characterizations and skillfully managing the media symbols at their disposal. As coconspirator Chris Stein flits from one musical identity to another, Harry similarly enjoys trying on new images like Nancy Reagan at an El Salvadoran rummage sale. On her first solo album, *KooKoo* (Chrysalis), old Deb slips into a Disco Diva outfit, allowing Chicsters Bernard Edwards and Nile Rogers to clothe her in a flawless, glisteningly silken cocoon of R&B inflected pop. Grace Jones takes the opposite road, refining over the course of her last two albums, *Warm Leatherette* and the more recent *Nightclubbing* (both Island), the projection of a militantly androgynous sexuality and a brutally metallic, cool facade. Musically, the albums exquisitely fuse elements of disco, reggae, and new wave, an unlikely melange that reaches razor-edged perfection with "Pull Up To The Bumper," probably the best car/sex/fuck/drive/dance song ever burned on vinyl.

The last five years have brought, in the wake of Patti Smith, a wave of strongly assertive, subjectively female singer-songwriters. Marianne Faithful's *Broken English* (Island) still strikes me as being one of the most emotionally riveting statements of a woman's painful emergence into self I've ever heard. The honesty and naked emotionalism squeezed from her raw throat give me the chills, a feeling only Yoko Ono's *Season Of Glass* (Geffen) has come close to duplicating. Where Yoko is fully as emotionally giving and vulnerable in her feelings as Marianne Faithful the music she's written so limps with cliche and perfunctory execution that the potential impact of her gripping self-revelation is criminally undercut. Ditto for Devra Iyall, of San Francisco band Romeo Void, whose songs detailing the bewildering consequences of failed relationships get smothered by the musical tedium that plagues the band's debut *It's A Condition* (415). Both writers deserve better.

Most gratifying to me, though, is the growing acceptability of female role plurality. From Chrissie Hynde's "I'm special, so fuck off" attitude (check out the Pretenders' *Extended Play* EP on Sire while you're killing time till album number two), to the unpretentious naivete of ESG (four sisters from the Bronx plus a token male, nifty EP on 99 Records), to Lydia Lunch's predatory somnabulism (cassette-only Eight-Eyed Spy on Reach-Out Int'l), and, in full circle, to the traditional "girl with the golden pipes" (that means her voice, you baboons) role Chaka Khan gleefully embraces on her *What Cha Gonna Do For Me?* (Warner Bros.) There's only one missing, and that's the virtuoso, heroic instrumentalist. Does that mean women just ain't interested in being the biggest, best, flashiest, longest, fastest, etc.? Sound like Boys Town to you?

—Lou Stathis

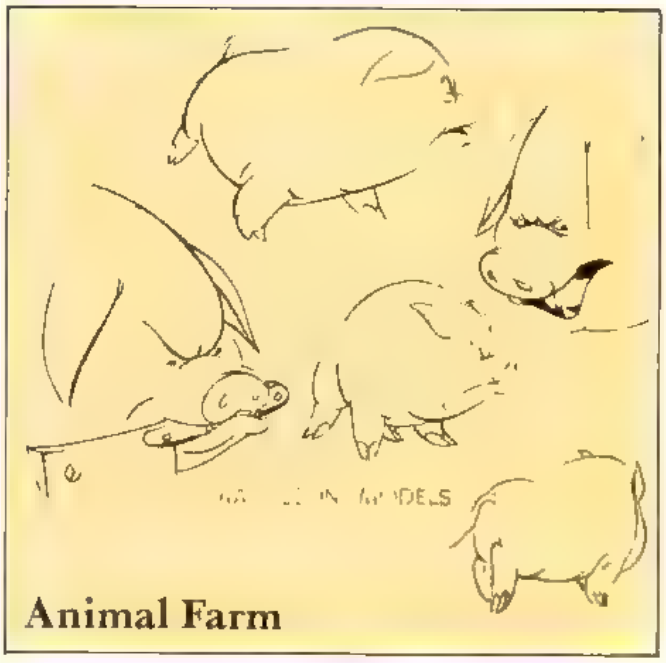
Handy Univers es



Brian Brain's palm sized universes perform a brilliant, educational sleight of hand. Within a compact black plastic packet is a set of diagrammatic drawings that, by their very existence, capture the essence of science fiction. His annually released set (they are now three) extrapolates from the notion of a universe within a universe (why can't that be an actual universe held in the palm?), alters reality (what's to say what the reality of the universe is, anyway?), and shifts time-and-space perspective (it seems static, yet something is going on among those connected sheets). Although the execution tends to be weak, and color (promised for next year) would add a fresh dimension, they're still a very unusual mixed-media experiment. Each costs three dollars (Brian Brain, 228 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011).

—Brad Balfour

Animatus Incredibilis



Animal Farm

Books on animation cascade forth in an animated avalanche. Avalanche? No thanks, I've already eaten. So much for humor, once the main ingredient for animation. While the new animators have stretched themes and techniques, animation researchers have also been making leaps. A decade ago the history was a mystery. Now it's being documented like crazy—on to these books.

The Warner Brothers Cartoons, by Will Friedwald and Jerry Beck ($15. Scarecrow Press, Box 656, Metuchen, NJ 08840), has no illustrations, but reads well and must have been a helluva research job. dates, credits (printed upside down for the 1942 *Nutty News*, which has on-screen upside-down credits), songs, caricature identifications, inside jokes, and other trivia on 850 cartoons released by Warners between 1930 and 1969. Held in abevance but due from Warner Books any year now is Mike Barrier's *That's Not All, Folks. The Story of Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies*. Barrier delivered his ms. along with 478 illustrations back in the summer of 1979—and *still* no book. Sufferin' succotash! No problem, though, for Popeye/Boop buffs curious about Max Fleischer's studio. Lots more little bits of info than you even need are in Leslie Cabarga's *The Fleischer Story* ($12.50, Crown), a hardback beautifully designed in nostalgic Cartoon Deco. Yet another on an individual studio is Roger Manvell's *Art & Animation* (Hastings House), overpriced at $26.50 but not if you've been flaunching to read the forty year history of England's Halas & Batchelor Animation Studio. When this fact-packed softcover was published, the *Heavy Metal* film was beginning production, so only the very last page squeezes in four full-color scenes from H&B's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" *HM* segment.

Some pics of those *Heavy Metal* filmworkers can be seen in John Canemaker's *The Animated Raggedy Ann & Andy* ($12.50, Bobbs-Merrill), the most comprehensive volume available on the making of a single animated feature. *The American Animated Cartoon*, edited by Gerald and Danny Peary ($10.95, E. P. Dutton), is, as they say these days, a wickedly good anthology of original essays and magazine reprints by thirty-plus contributors, including e. e. cummings and E. M. Forster on animation art.

A handful of other must-reads are the following. The ultimate how-to-guide, Kit Laybourne's *The Animation Book* ($9.95, Crown) detailing tools and techniques. The encyclopedic *Trickfilm* ($5, Film Center, School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Columbus Drive at Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, IL 60603), which offers biographies/filmographies on more than eighty animation artists. Get it! And definitive American animation history, sprawling across 470 pages of Leonard Maltin's *Of Mice and Magic* ($24.95, McGraw-Hill).

Maltin ought to hold you while you're waiting for Oxford University Press to pub Mike Barrier's ultrahistory, a massive tome delayed over the years while Barrier and *HM* movie animator Milt Gray interviewed hundreds of animation professionals. Bduhdee—Bduhdee. Bah! that's all, folks!

Bhob

Critics have dismissed the literature of the absurd or fantastic in favor of so-called realistic literature. Since many great writers have worked in the former, the problem is whether to dismiss the critics or develop a new standard of criticism for these genres.

From Gothic tales on through Thomas Pynchon, fantasy subverts reality, says semiotician Rosemary Jackson in *Fantasy—The Literature of Subversion* (Methuen), and does so in order to overcome the limitations of reality. By passing beyond the borders of the real, fantasy cuts away the cultural and social inhibitions to which most people succumb, preferring rather to dwell in reality's familiarity. Fantastic literature is not simple escapism but rather a historic assault on reality. So goes Jackson's thesis.

And the anthology *Fiction of the Absurd* (Mentor), edited by Dick Penner, helps prove the point. Writers of the absurd such as Gogol, Heller, Onetti and Flann O'Brien have assailed reality's temporal boundaries to broaden the reader's world and mind. With its well written critical introductions to each author, the book's a perfect guide to the absurd, and it reacquaints us with a great literary hero, one who has ventured beyond the real in a satiric fashion—Voltaire's Candide.

In contrast to *Candide*, whose hero's adventures come fast and frantic (sometimes moving to another continent in a single sentence), nearly the whole of Gene Wolfe's *Shadow of the Torturer* (Timescape) is devoted to getting its hero Severin beyond the city limits. This weak attempt to transport us into another world is based on an interesting scenario: a postapocalyptic world where special guilds keep the crumbling society from collapsing too fast. The tale's hero—a neophyte technician for the Guild of Torturers—struggles throughout the book to start his journey. I prayed the author would recross the boundaries of reality in order to speed up the story, but no: we remain in fantasy till the end without the story's really ending. Instead, it's continued "as a tetralogy." As Candide might have put it: "This is not the best of all worlds," and would have moved elsewhere, taking us willingly with him.

Peter Nolan Smith

The eighties are shaping into being the era of the hired gun. This paranoid near-future scenario looms unavoidable when one considers the draft's unpopularity, the volunteer army's demonstrated ineptitude and the inevitability of small-scale global conflicts (*Heil Haig!*). All signs point to the establishment of a nonaligned, international army of professionals: *mercenaries*.

Naturally, in this new job classification's footprints come trade magazines, followed closely by the vicarious-thrill seekers who watch voyeuristically from the DMZ like a car crash crowd. *Soldier of Fortune*—at six, the oldest merc magazine—maintains a tight-lipped distance from the bloody sensationalism embraced by a horde of sleazy coattailers that've sprung up this year like Afro-Commie revolts. Tumescent with authority, *SoF* features *Consumer Reports*-like product tests, ads for everything from lethal weapons to survivalist manuals and Nazi regalia, and classifieds where professional adventurers hawk their wares like hookers in *Screw*. Though tough on pacifist sensibilities, it's not as offensive as rags like *Eagle* ("Adventure, Survival, Truth"), *Gung-Ho* ("The Magazine for the International Military Man"), and, by far the worst, *Battles*. This trio accent the decomposing-corpse close-ups and wide-angle napalm strikes, while the text veers dangerously into masturbatory, macho-libertarian John Wayneisms. If you take this stuff seriously (and want to gird yourself for the future), stick to *SoF*, *Guns & Ammo*, and *The Shooting Times*—but if you've been unemployed since Attila the Hun sacked Rome, these mags are just the hot lunch you've been waiting for.

Lou Stathis

WILDEST THING

It's 2:30 A.M. you're lulled half-asleep by Ingrid Bergman's marital problems, and the screen flashes. A jackhammer voice begins listing song titles telling you that you *must* own the complete collected works of Jim Nabors, an 800 number strobes, setting off the epileptics.

One night, I saw one of these ubiquitous K-Tel-type commercials, and, though it seemed like a joke (like the "Great Protest Songs of the Sixties" cut on the old *NatLamp* album), I bought one. The four sides of *Wild Thing* contain every great garage band proto-punk song from the mid-sixties, from the sublime ("Talk, Talk" by the Music Machine—among the finest two minutes of rock ever recorded) to the silly (Dino Desi and Billy's appropriately titled "I'm a Fool"). If you remember moving tush to "Pushin' Too Hard," "96 Tears," "Hippy Hippy Shake," "Louie Louie," "Psychotic Reaction" and "Black Is Black," then don't wait another minute to own this priceless piece of history. Send $9.98 to: WILD THING, 930 Remington Road, Schaumburg, IL 60195. Hell, they even sent it in only two weeks.

Steve Brown

King-Size Bits

Danse Macabre and *Cujo*

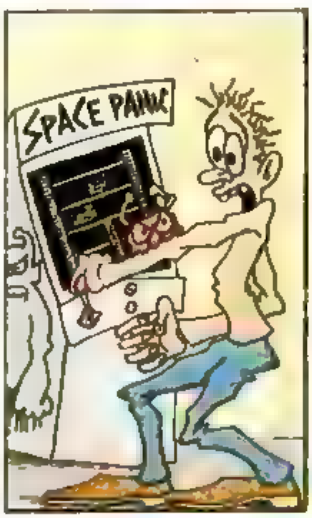
When a writer of Stephen King's importance produces a personal book on the genre he loves and is famous for, he gives us an insight as much into himself as into what he does. Though he meant to provide two books here—one on his personal likes and dislikes in horror, the other a general thesis on the *whys* and *wherefores* of horror's appeal—it is King's views on virtually everything that have made him the best-selling writer in his field, which interested me. I was intrigued to learn that King is a bit down on "Twilight Zone," preferring "Thriller" and "Outer Limits." I was surprised to find out that he hates the work of *Last House on the Left* director Wes Craven (who I think is great) and didn't like Roger [illegible] Poe [illegible] (another opinion I strongly disagreed with). King's reminiscences on *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *The Creeping Unknown*, and the works of William Castle, George Romero, and David Cronenberg all brought back my own memories of when I first became acquainted with the horror genre. Just as that genre is, ideally, exciting and entertaining, so is King's book. Though this is hardly a reference work, it does cover enough to remind me why I like to be scared—but only within the safe confines of theater or home video.

—Johnny Ramone

Stephen King knows that we are connected to each other only by the most tenuous web, suspended over an abyss of terror and loneliness. In his recent *Danse Macabre* he wrote that when he was a small boy his father abandoned the family. The distress he must have felt then is among the wellsprings of *Cujo*: a thriller about the fatal effect a rabid dog has on two families, each suffering in different ways, the sudden absence of the father.

As engaging as any of the human protagonists, Cujo, a playful 200-pound St. Bernard, gets bitten on the nose by a rabid bat and very shortly begins to act like Benji on angel dust. King not only makes us care about Cujo; he has also done a remarkable job of getting inside the (rapidly deteriorating) mind of the dog. We feel not only the pain he creates but also the pain he has experienced.

—Jonathan White



SPACE PANIC!

VIDEO GAMES FULFILL FANTASIES—OF BEING THE COMMANDER OF A GALAXIAN SPACESHIP OR A TANK COMMANDER, A RACE-CAR DRIVER, OR EVEN A BERSERK KILLER TRAPPED BY ROBOTS. SPACE PANIC FULFILLS THE MOST **PARANOID VISION YET**— A MAN TRAPPED IN A MAZE WITH ONLY A **SHOVEL** TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST A BUNCH OF ALIEN CREATURES WHO GROW N SPEED+NUMBERS + SMARTS TO SCORE YOU MUST DIG A HOLE, WAIT FOR AN ALIEN TO FALL IN IT AND GET STUCK, THEN COVER IT UP BEFORE THE THING CLIMBS **OUT**, ALL BEFORE **YOU** RUN OUT OF OXYGEN AND DIE. EACH TIME YOU KILL ALL OF THEM YOU'RE STUCK WITH KILLING **MORE**. THE RED "MONSTERS" ARE EASIEST TO KILL. THEY HAVE TO DROP ONLY ONE FLOOR; THE GREEN "BOSS" HAS TO BE DROPPED TWO FLOORS, AND THE EVIL WHITE "DON," THREE FLOORS. IF YOU CAN DROP THESE BUGLIKE THINGS ON EACH OTHER, THIS HELPS AND WINS BIG POINTS. **ALSO**, IT HELPS TO KILL THEM WITH EXTRA OXYGEN LEFT FOR BONUS POINTS, BUT IN THE END THE MONSTERS ALWAYS WIN BUT TAKE IT FROM ME-SPACE PANIC IS A **PANIC!**

J. HOLMSTROM

THE ART OF PHILIPPE DRUILLET

When Philippe Druillet first began drawing *bandes dessinees* (the French term for panel art) there was only a vague hint of the radical movement yet to come. The Belgian school of Herge and Goscinny with their funny characters Tin Tin and Asterix, dominated the comics world in France. *Pilote* was basically a children's magazine, and reader interest had only just begun to be generated among adults. But ten years later, in 1976, things were considerably different: Druillet had matured his style to the point where he became a leader of an artistic and philosophical comics movement that radically redefined the comics medium by means of near-poetic scripts and design sensibilities and an appeal to an adult readership. Out of this movement came *Metal Hurlant*, formed from the union of fellow comics genius Moebius, writer Jean-Pierre Dionnet, and Druillet himself.

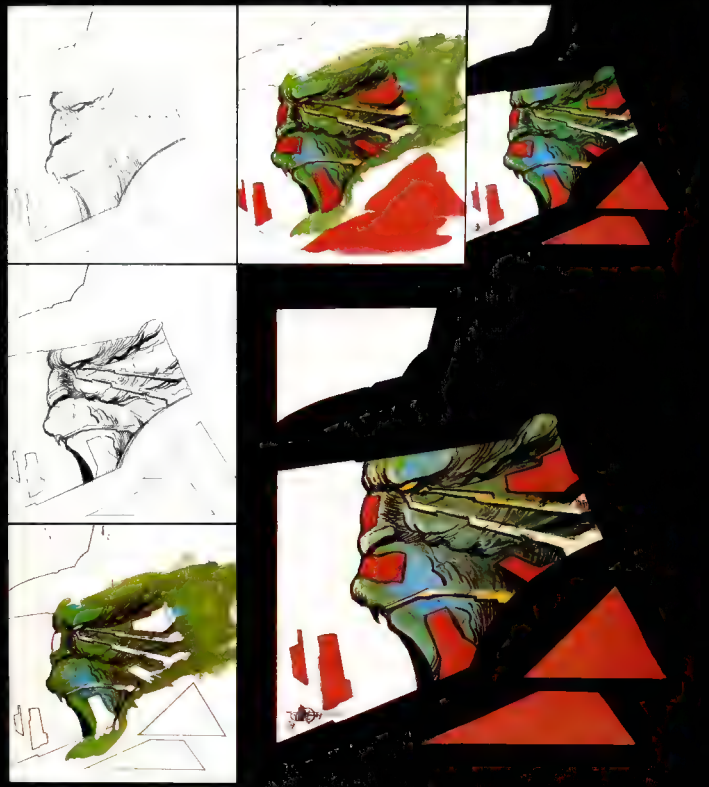
In *Metal*, Druillet had a forum unlike anything else he'd had before, for this forum collectively reflected the attitudes he toyed with on an individual scale. The Druillet who had become famous in France—the one awarded numerous private shows, reviews in the major newspapers and magazines, and recognition as a pop culture hero among the veterans of the 1968 leftist politics -had explored the nether regions of human consciousness, the realms of pain, hate, fear, and isolation, in order to attract this following. Drawing on his own feelings, he has investigated these philosophic/emotional concerns with a strength and thorough sense of vision that have not only made a powerful literary statement but have also continued to redefine the medium within which he has worked.

A look at the artists who have followed in the wake of his own work shows that Druillet has been effective. Though now subdued, living in his pleasant suburban Paris home, he has led an unsettled life. Born in 1944, the son of a Nazi collaborator and the survivor of a broken home and (self admitted) emotionally troubled teen years, Druillet evolved his style out of sheer will of his own. He had no formal training, no classic education. He acquired his skills by doing the work himself and by being possessed of a vision to create characters that reflected his own inner turmoil. Characters like Lone Sloane—his brutal existential antihero of outer space—have been with him since 1966. And his sense of the epic, the mythic, has been a part of his work from the very beginning.

As Druillet once said to me in interview, "To impose on others what they imposed on you as a child, that's a form of revenge," and in that end Druillet has been succeeding. Just as he felt and came to understand pains and fears of loneliness and childhood visions different from others', Druillet has continued to impart that knowledge through his Lone Sloane mythos, his Yragael Urm epic ("Yragael" to be published in *Heavy Metal*); the *Salammbo* trilogy (parts II and III upcoming in *Heavy Metal*), and his most personally meaningful story, *La Nuit*, created to exorcise the pain of his first wife's death from cancer. Druillet's vision has always edged near the unknown, bringing us all a little closer to it.

BB

Salammbo
gouache, oils, and inks on cardboard



A Progression: inks and watercolor, 1979.

Sweet Things: cover for French album *Druillet*. Oils and gouache on cardboard, 1978.

A Thought for the Future: inks and gouache on cardboard, 1972.

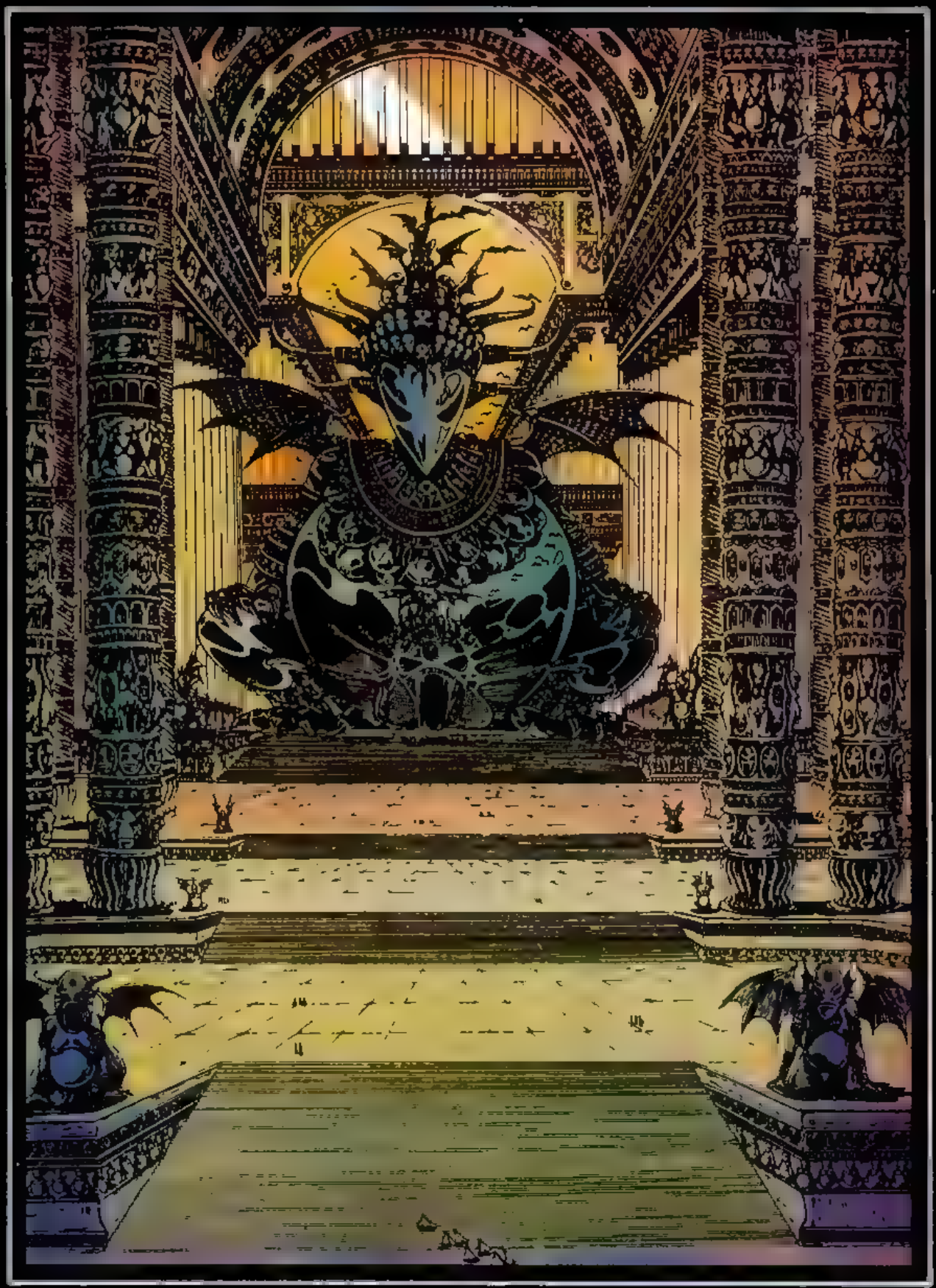
Lovecraft/Demons and Marvels.

Les distributeurs associes presentent
LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES
UN FILM DE JEAN ROLLIN - PRODUCTION FILMS MODERNES ET FILMS A.B.C
Sandra JULIEN DOMINIQUE - Nicole NANCEY Jean-Marie DURAND
EASTMANCO.OR

Movie poster: *Le Frisson des Vampires* (*The Thrill of Vampires*), for the French film director Jean Rollin.

Jimi Hendrix: used as a cover for the book *Rock and Folk*, 1975.
Also used on the cover of Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* album.
Both published in France.

Salammbo: cover for *Pilote* book of the same name. 1981.



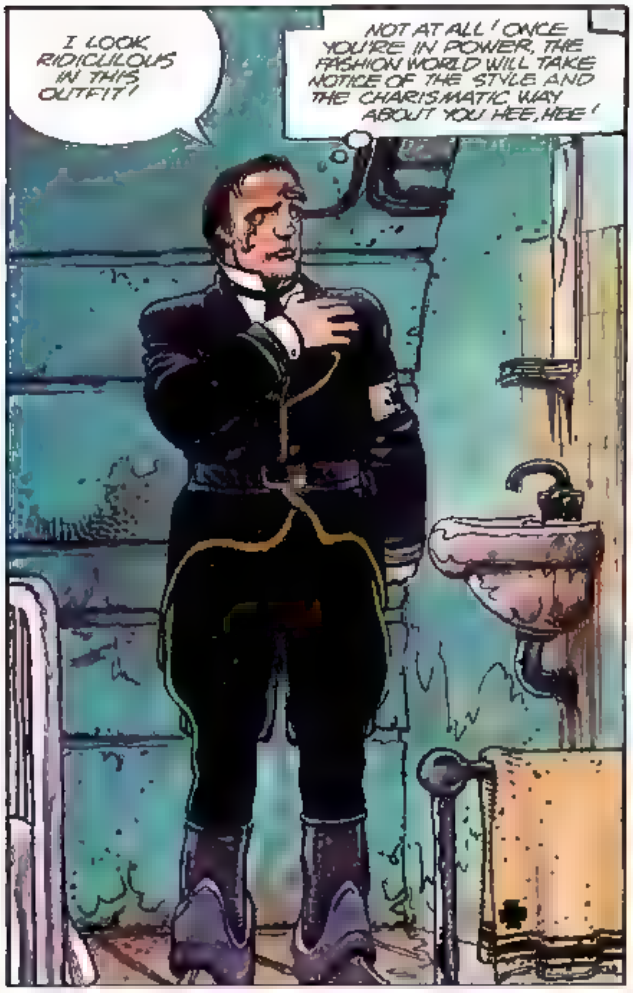
The Temple: silkscreen.

The Warrior, oils on canvas, 1965 and 1968. Unpublished.

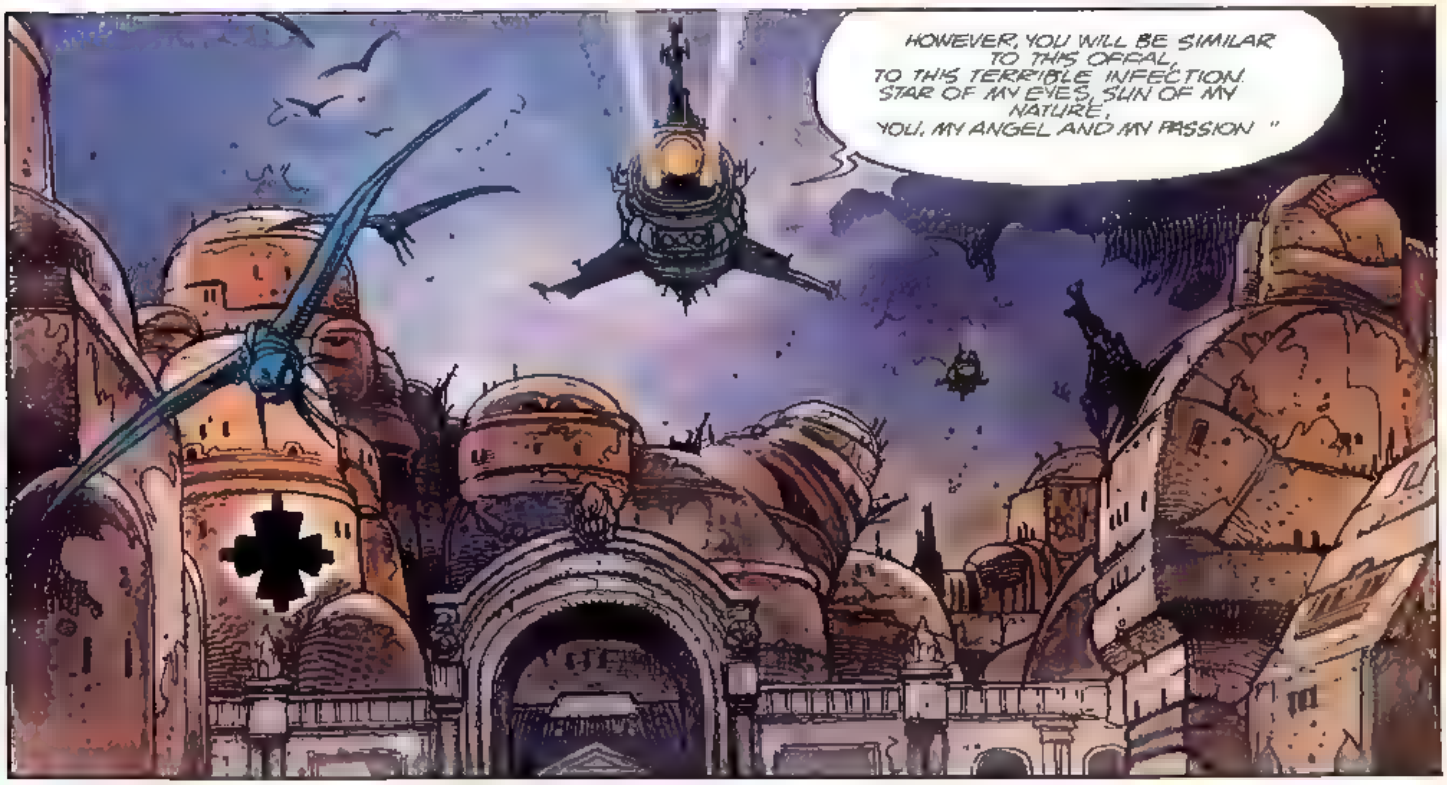
Phenix cover: gouache on cardboard, 1973.

THE IMMORTALS' FETE

In the safety of their quarters, Horus and Nikopol plan the strategy for their Parisian takeover. Meanwhile, the immortals learn of Nikopol's cryogenic past and become all too curious.


I LOOK RIDICULOUS IN THIS OUTFIT!
NOT AT ALL! ONCE YOU'RE IN POWER, THE FASHION WORLD WILL TAKE NOTICE OF THE STYLE AND THE CHARISMATIC WAY ABOUT YOU HEE, HEE!

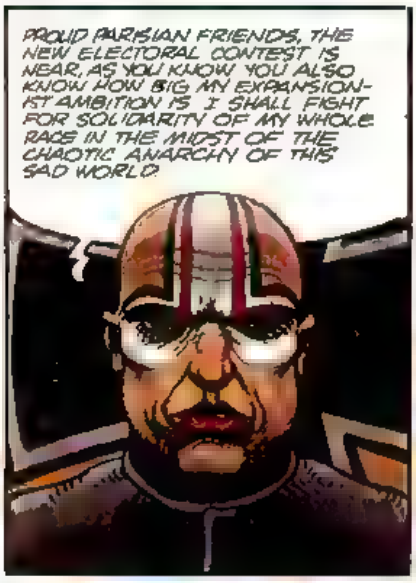
"LEGS IN THE AIR, LIKE A LUSTFUL WOMAN, BURNING AND SWEATING POISONS, HER STOMACH, FULL OF EXHALATIONS, OPENED IN A NONCHALANT AND CYNICAL FASHION


HOWEVER, YOU WILL BE SIMILAR TO THIS OFFAL, TO THIS TERRIBLE INFECTION. STAR OF MY EYES, SUN OF MY NATURE, YOU, MY ANGEL AND MY PASSION "

SERIOUS THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN, NIKOPOL
I HAVE A HEADACHE
THIS DISSIDENT IS PROVIDENTIAL I'LL HAVE TO PROMOTE THIS AFFAIR TO THE MAXIMUM I MUST CREATE AN EVENT AROUND HIS ACT AND THE POLITICS HE ENGENDERED ONE COULDN'T DREAM OF A BETTER FOUNDATION FOR MY CAMPAIGN
EVERY THING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF! MOREOVER, YOUR BROTHER HIS HOLINESS THEODULE THE FIRST, WILL SUPPORT YOU IN A MOST SPECTACULAR WAY, I MIGHT ADD! HE CONFIDED THIS TO ME THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING NO ONE WILL DARE OPPOSE ME
MMM THAT WOULD SIMPLIFY THINGS A LOT I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY, AS YOU KNOW
CALM DOWN, GOGOL, 'ALM DOWN
IT'S ANUBIS AND HIS EGERIA WHO ARE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED BY MY REELECTION I DON'T BELIEVE THEIR SITUATION IS AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS THEY'D HAVE ME THINK THEY'LL GIVE UP FIRST
AND WILL MAKE ME IMMORTAL (IF GOD WISHES)!
I HOPE SO, FOR YOU
44

THE DISSIDENT NIKOPOL HAS ARRIVED, MR GOVERNOR
HAVE HIM COME IN
ELYSEE
POSTE 11
DEAR FRIEND, I AM PROUD TO COUNT YOU AMONG MY SUPPORTERS. I GREATLY APPRECIATE, BELIEVE ME, YOUR COURAGEOUS AND EXEMPLARY GESTURE. YOU ARE WELCOME HERE
JH. WE ARE VERY WELL. I AM VERY TOUCHED BY YOUR HOSPITALITY. ISN'T FREEDOM WORTH SACRIFICING A LITTLE OF ONE'S BLOOD AND SOME PAIN FOR?
STOP NIKOPOL! YOU'RE UTTERING STUPIDITIES!
YOU HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED, MR NIKOPOL. THE CHOUBLANCIST REGIME IS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST OF OLD EUROPE, PERHAPS IN THE ENTIRE PRESERVED WORLD
THAT'S ENOUGH, AURELIEN!
I HAVE A TELEVISED DECLARATION TO MAKE, DEAR FRIEND, AND I BELIEVE THAT IT'S THE RIGHT MOMENT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR CITY. WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU ARE ALREADY PERCEIVED AS A HERO BY MY SUBJECTS. DICTATORSHIP, ABOUT WHICH YOU'RE NOT IGNORANT, IS A VERY DIFFICULT ART AND NEEDS ARTISTS OF YOUR CALIBER
IT'S TOO MUCH OF AN HONOR.
THINGS ARE TURNING OUT RATHER WELL, NIKOPOL. I DO BELIEVE WE SHALL CONTINUE
I CAN EASILY SEE YOU AT THE MINISTRY OF YOUTH AND PROPAGANDA OR AT THE CONGRESS OF SPORTS AND VITALITY. A DYNAMIC AND GENEROUS POSITION FOR YOU!
I'M TAKING CONTROL OF YOUR CEREBRAL FUNCTIONS. SECURITY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER!
!
BILAL

GOGOL SEEMED ABNORMALLY PERTURBED BY THIS NIKOPOL, WHOM HE BELIEVES TO BE A SPLIT PERSONALITY, CONSUMED BY IMMEASURABLE AMBITION BE CAREFUL!
I'M NOT THRILLED WITH HIM EITHER, BUT DON'T WORRY! HE WON'T HAVE THE FLOOR!
THEY DON'T TRUST ME! THE TELEPATHIC CAT SEEMS TO HAVE FOREWARNED THEM BUT A LITTLE TOO LATE, I FEAR, FOR THEM


PROUD PARISIAN FRIENDS, THE NEW ELECTORAL CONTEST IS NEAR, AS YOU KNOW YOU ALSO KNOW HOW BIG MY EXPANSIONIST AMBITION IS I SHALL FIGHT FOR SOLIDARITY OF MY WHOLE RACE IN THE MIDST OF THE CHAOTIC ANARCHY OF THIS SAD WORLD

FLASHES OF POIGNANT TRUTH EMERGE DURING THESE POLITICALLY TROUBLED TIMES THIS IS PROFOUNDLY HUMAN, FOR NOBLE AND CONSCIENTIOUS INDIVIDUALS SUCH AS YOURSELVES! THAT IS WHY I WANTED TO INTRODUCE TO YOU TODAY THE MAN OF THE HOUR! HIS NAME IS ALCIDE NIKOPOL, AND HE
HA HA!

HE REPRESENTS THE FUTURE OF OUR DEEPEST HOPES IT IS THEREFORE IN THE INTEREST OF OUR FAIR CITY THAT I SOLEMNLY ANNOUNCE MY ABDICATION AND MY UNCONDITIONAL SUPPORT OF HIS CANDIDATURE!
SHIT! HE'S COMPLETELY LOST HIS MIND! CUT EVERYTHING!

GOVERNOR! DO YOU REALIZE
SILENCE! I AM ABDICATING!
AND THERE YOU ARE MR GOVERNOR
AAAAAHHH
GOGOL!
FILTHY BEAST!
MY ABDICATION IS NOW OFFICIAL! HIS HONOR MR NIKOPOL WILL PURSUE THE POLITICAL PATH ALREADY LAID OUT BY ME, BUT WILL BE FREE TO DISSOLVE THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT AS SOON AS HE IS ELECTED, IF HE DEEMS IT NECESSARY
YOU, AURÉLIEN, AND YOU, GOGOL! YOU'RE FIRED! AND ME, I'LL GO IF THE GODS WISH IT. INTO THE ORDER OF ETERNAL SAINTS I SHALL ACCEPT IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL IN DEFAULT OF MY BODY RIGHT NOW, JUST LET ME MEDITATE
THE SUDDEN TAKEOVER OF POWER IS NOT VERY CREDIBLE, IS IT?
BAH!
MEOW!
THIS IS A PLOT, CHOUBRANC! YOU'RE LOSING YOUR MIND AND YOUR POWER SIMULTANEOUSLY! BUT YOU HAVEN'T WON YET, MR NIKOPOL!

LET HIM IN

CONSTERNATION...
J.F. CHOUBLANC...!

Fait politique sans pré... Jean-Ferdinand... douteu... C'e... d'ou... Chou... inquie... sainte... l'électio...

...aux origines ...destinée croyait-on à servir ...électorale, que Jean-Ferdinand ...ment en faveur d'un individu louche et ...présentation solennelle des candidats (par sa ...édule Ier en l'église Notre-Dame de Paris) et à 8 jours de ...gouvernementale cet acte déraisonnable jette un trouble certain s...

PANIC! CHOUBLANC ABDICATES!

CONSTERNATION AROUSED AS THE HONORABLE J.F. CHOUBLANC RELINQUISHED HIS ROLE AS GOVERNOR-ELECT OF PARIS TO AN UNKNOWN HOCKEY PLAYER! HIS SUPPORTERS ARE UP IN ARMS, JUST ONE WEEK PRIOR TO ELECTION DAY!

AURÉLIEN BURNOLDZ-MORTIER...

...ÉNI...

...de Burnoldz Mortier

...ces propos ont été confirmés par Gogol d'Algol,

AURÉLIEN BURNOLDZ-MORTIER FIGHTS BACK!

JUST MOMENTS AFTER THE HONORABLE J.F. CHOUBLANC RELINQUISHED HIS ROLE AS GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE FAIR CITY OF PARIS, HE ALSO DISMISSED TWO OF HIS LONGTIME COLLEAGUES, MORTIER AND GOGOL. MORTIER HAS ACCUSED CHOUBLANC OF BEING "MENTALLY MANIPULATED" AND CLAIMED THAT HIS ABDICATION WAS OBTAINED UNDER HYPNOSIS. THIS CLAIM WAS CONFIRMED BY GOGOL OF ALGOL, TELEPATHIC ADVISOR TO MORTIER AND THE FORMER GOVERNOR

POSTE 1

NON AU GOUVERNEUR "BIDON"

Le gouvernement choublanquiste a refusé en bloc de servir le « gouverneur bidon Alcide Nikopol » et a démissionné hier, en fin de soirée. Dans une note offi... cielle les mem...

C'est dans le courant de l'après-midi que le comité suprême de selection validera ou rejettera les can... datures. Re...

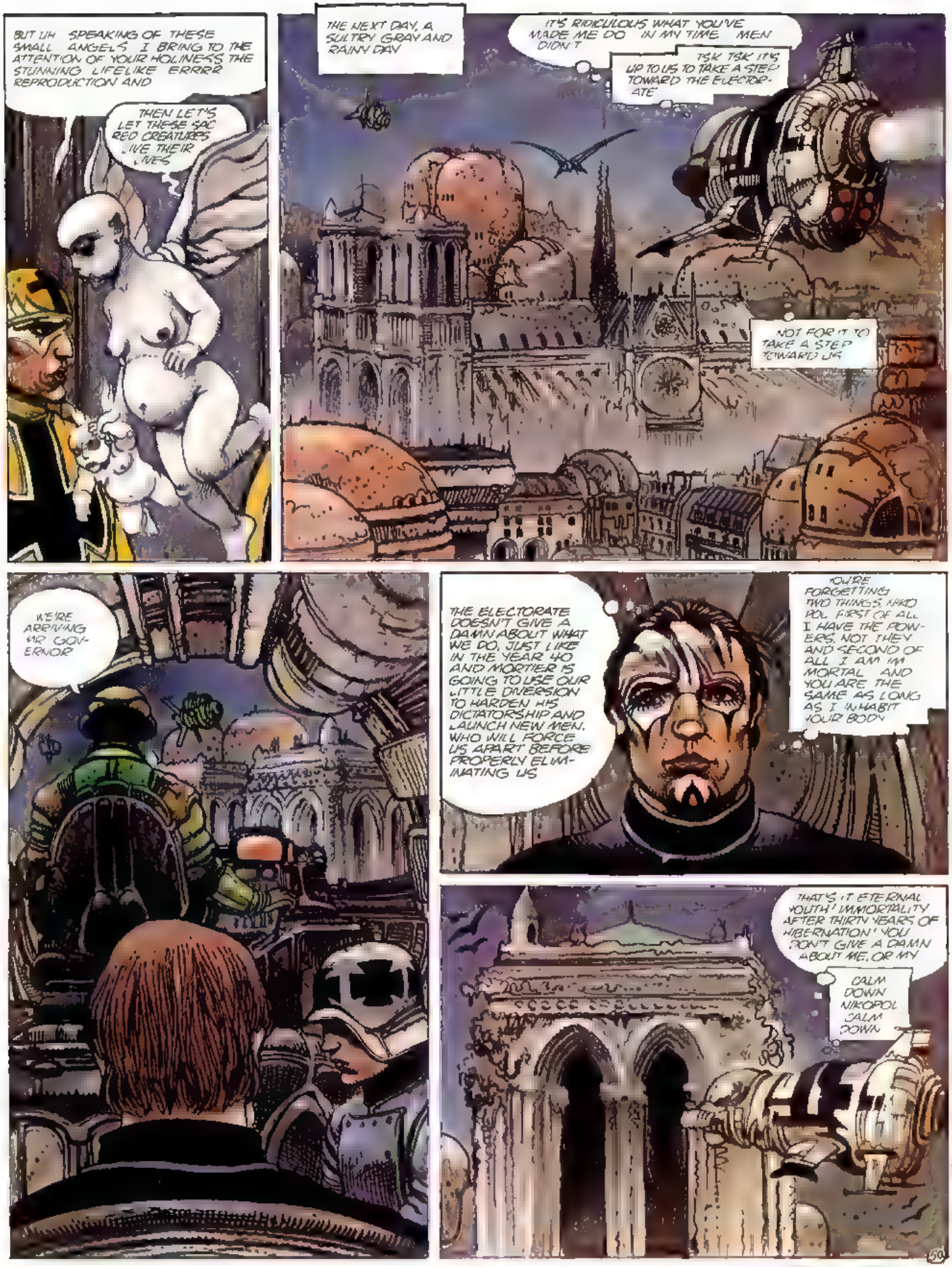
...nombre res... treint de selectionnés, 2 ou 3 tout au plus, en raison de l'affaire Choublanc et du courant de solidarité extrême qu'elle engendre

...rait être, croit-on, Aurélien BURNOLDZ-MORTIER, l'homme de confiance de l'ex-gouverneur Choublanc.

NO! TO GOVERNOR "FAKE"

THE CHOUBLANCIST GOVERNMENT REFUSED TO SERVE UNDER THE "FRAUDULENT GOVERNOR" ALCIDE NIKOPOL, AND QUIT LAST EVENING IN AN OFFICIAL MEMO TO THE PRESS. THEY SPOKE OF THEIR ATTEMPT TO "ASSEMBLE AROUND A STRONG CANDIDATE IN ORDER TO FORGE A NEW AND FLEXIBLE SPIRIT AMONG PARISIANS. THEY INTEND TO 'COUNTER THE IDEOLOGICAL INTRIGUE FROM THE OUTSIDE', ATTACKING THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF FASCISM." AURÉLIEN BURNOLDZ-MORTIER IS BELIEVED TO BE THE SINGLE MOST COMPETENT MAN FOR THE JOB

THE PRESS DOESN'T SEEM TOO THRILLED WITH US, DO THEY? TO MAINTAIN THIS POWER SO SKILLFULLY ACQUIRED, I SEE ONLY ONE SOLUTION TO TOTALLY HYPNOTIZE THE ENTIRE ELECTORATE
TOO EXTREME, NIKOPOL! I HAVE MY WAYS OF BRINGING MORE MORTALS TO THEIR SENSES. BUT I WILL DO THAT ONLY AS A LAST RESORT
FOR NOW I AM CONTENT WITH HAVING ELIMINATED HIM AND SHALL WORK ON THE OTHER CANDIDATES ONLY BY ENTERING THE JOUSTING ARENA CAN ONE BE ELECTED
BUT TOMORROW WE WILL KNOW MORE ABOUT OUR OPPOSITION
TELL ME, POWERFUL ONE, YOU HAVE NOTHING FOR THE POUNDING MIGRAINES?
A FEW MILES AWAY IN THE APARTMENT OF HIS HOLINESS POPE THEODULE THE FIRST
HE SAYS THAT THE ELEVATOR IS NOW FINISHED AND HE CAN GIVE A DEMONSTRATION IF YOUR HOLINESS SO DESIRES
NOT NOW. I SHALL LEARN FROM UTILIZING THE VEHICLE ALL IN DUE TIME!
YOUR HOLINESS WILL BE ABLE TO RISE UP EIGHT METERS FROM THE GROUND, HE SAYS... AND WITHOUT ANY DANGER TO GO BACK DOWN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS A BUTTON
THAT'S PERFECT! I BELIEVE IT'S A VERY OPPORTUNE TIME TO REINFORCE MY CREDIBILITY AND MY IMAGE. THE CHURCH WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION BY MY INTERVENTION! I WANT THIS "SUSPENSION" ABOVE THE EARTH TO BE ATTRIBUTED TO A FORM OF DIVINE GRACE, A SORT OF MIRACLE. WITH THESE DEAR LITTLE SPINNING ANGELS AROUND ME, THE SIGHT WILL BE TOUCHING AND CONVINCING, I BELIEVE
I BELIEVE SO TOO, YOUR HOLINESS


BUT UH SPEAKING OF THESE SMALL ANGELS I BRING TO THE ATTENTION OF YOUR HOLINESS THE STUNNING LIFELIKE ERRR REPRODUCTION AND
THEN LET'S LET THESE SACRED CREATURES LIVE THEIR LIVES
THE NEXT DAY, A SULTRY GRAY AND RAINY DAY
IT'S RIDICULOUS WHAT YOU'VE MADE ME DO IN MY TIME MEN DIDN'T
TSK TSK IT'S UP TO US TO TAKE A STEP TOWARD THE ELECTORATE
NOT FOR IT TO TAKE A STEP TOWARD US
WE'RE ARRIVING MR GOVERNOR
THE ELECTORATE DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT WHAT WE DO, JUST LIKE IN THE YEAR 40 AND MORTIER IS GOING TO USE OUR LITTLE DIVERSION TO HARDEN HIS DICTATORSHIP AND LAUNCH NEW MEN, WHO WILL FORCE US APART BEFORE PROPERLY ELIMINATING US
YOU'RE FORGETTING TWO THINGS NIKO POL FIRST OF ALL I HAVE THE POWERS, NOT THEY AND SECOND OF ALL I AM IM MORTAL AND YOU ARE THE SAME AS LONG AS I INHABIT YOUR BODY
THAT'S IT ETERNAL YOUTH! IMMORTALITY AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF HIBERNATION! YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ME, OR MY
CALM DOWN NIKOPOL CALM DOWN
50

TO BE CONTINUED

Spain vs. Bea: Censorship Is the Reality

by Brad Balfour

Jose Bea is not in prison, nor has he been spirited away by unidentified men late at night, never to be seen again. Nor has he been placed under house arrest until the time comes when a panel of judges decides he is to be expelled immediately. No, not yet. But science-fiction illustrator Jose Bea (also known as Bea Font) has come close to such circumstances, as a present victim of official censorship. "In 1979," writes Bea in a reply to a set of questions put to him by *Heavy Metal*, "I was sentenced for having published a mildly erotic piece two years earlier in a satirical magazine. When Franco died in 1975, the judiciary went on behaving as they had during forty years of dictatorship. The laws weren't revised to reflect the transition and its new perspectives."

The Byzantine realities of government, best revealed in the sudden transition from fascist dictatorship to democratic monarchy by reason of death, doesn't mean that the years of institutionalized repression and totalitarianism lost their influence. So, when a native cult figure like Bea publishes something that veers from the narrowly accepted cultural norms—particularly because it's sexually suggestive and exciting (by which fact alone it threatens to arouse response beyond allowable limits)—he comes under suspicion as a "subversive figure." Whether the act was politically innocent or naive doesn't matter. The responsibility for it still lies with him under such a system, and he pays for it—in Bea's case, by seven years of enduring censorship. By Spanish law he is condemned to silence. "Strictly speaking, it's not a political trial," he explains, "but a trial in which the term 'public scandal' is applied to an offense against morality."

And that's enough. Bea can no longer publish in Spain anything created after 1980. His series *Tales of the Galactic Inn* might have come under attack if it hadn't been a favorite in Spain's most popular illustrated science-fiction magazine, *Comix International*. It certainly didn't threaten the government directly. Because a dictatorship hardly conceals the real mechanisms of government and the relationship between institutions of culture and political power, maybe that didn't matter. In this sense a fascist state is more honest. Control of culture means control of people's hearts as well as their minds. In that regard, the master mass manipulator Adolf Hitler was pioneering. "Art is the only enduring investment of human labor," he said, and then went about destroying the lives and careers of artists he considered subversive because of their art. According to him they were destroying the moral and cultural fiber of the people.

But at least Bea hasn't suffered the fate of Jewish artists sent to the camps or that of Argentine newspaper publisher Jacobo Timerman. After thirty months of being held captive, tortured by beatings and electric shocks, and held under house arrest, Timerman was expelled by the Argentine government and stripped of his citizenship. More extremist factions within the military government wanted him executed. Instead he was hustled off to Israel, but only because world attention was focused on his ordeal as a major case of political repression. Nearly 30,000 others have disappeared without a trace. It is believed that less well known figures, such as comic-strip artist Hector Oesterheld, have been murdered for antifascist activity. He is just one of many recorded by Amnesty International as a victim.

"The chief obsession of the totalitarian mind lies in its need for the world to be clearcut and orderly," writes Timerman in his recently published, emotion-charged memoir *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* (Knopf, 1981). "Any subtlety, contradiction, or complexity upsets and confuses this notion and becomes intolerable. Whereupon an attempt is made to overcome the intolerable by way of the only method at hand—violence. Recourse to politics, strategy and the gradual resolution of conflicts becomes unlikely. The power monopoly is at its disposal, and it employs this monopoly with utter ruthlessness in its compelling need to simplify reality" (p. 95).

Thus a comics artist comes under suspicion for disturbing public morality, and those in publishing who question the disappearance and death of thousands of people are condemned to torture and expulsion. Timerman's crime: to question the value of terrorism on both sides, left and right. Since he fell in the shadowy area called moderate, he came under suspicion because, as he explains it, they thought him crazy—hence, dangerous—for not choosing the pragmatic route of silence; or because they thought he must have been operating as an agent of international Zionist/Communist conspiracy. "This mechanism of political hallucination—hatred transformed into fantasy—is what enabled Nazism with all due 'logic,' to regard abstract art as the enemy of Aryan Germany because it destroyed the notion of the archetypal Nazi; or to consider a man of the Left to be linked to the

Illustration of José Bea by Robert Smith

Jewish capitalist conspiracy because of the 'anti-German' label that the Jews imparted to leftist activity" (p. 97).

Timerman adds, "Even the most irrational being finds it necessary to formulate a certain coherence around his irrationality in order to be able to maintain its continuity" (p. 101). Maybe that explains how the system works in Spain. "In Spain any judge can deal with any crime because the judiciary isn't organized according to the type of cases," says Bea. "There are no judges specifically assigned to the press, and therefore any judge can impose his own criteria. There is no such thing as a jury here; judges handle verdicts and sentencing."

The fact of his "crime" was public scandal, but its reality? Bea's answers speak for themselves

Do you think of your work as political?

Yes. Political commitment is implicit in all works of art.

What are your political sympathies?

I've never sympathized with the Right. However moderate it tries to appear, it always comes out shaped like a swastika.

Is your work social criticism?

I'm definitely opposed to reality, a place where I feel uncomfortable, and by means of the imagination, my favorite vice, I try to escape it.

Is it normal for an artist to be treated as you've been?

Yes. Especially in this period of political transition.

Have people come to your aid in this case?

I'm not a hero!

How have your family and acquaintances reacted?

By looking at me very seriously and asking, "What hideous, unspeakable perversion have you committed?"

And that's what makes this whole epic scary—much more of a horror story than any tale from *Tales of the Galactic Inn*. Anything suggestive can be suspect. Anyone with complex or ambiguous intentions can become questionable. It's particularly ironic in a country laden with cheap, pulp, soft-core porn magazines. "More than ironic, it's absurd," replies Bea. "My trial makes Kafka's 'Metamorphosis' look like a Disney cartoon. Anyhow, my whole life's been pretty surrealistic."

No doubt it is more so now. When Bea was asked these questions long-distance from New York to Spain, he made it clear he wanted to *write* the answers rather than respond by phone. Then it dawned on me—the phone could be tapped. "These questions are dangerous," he said. "Is the phone bugged?" I asked. "Probably," he replied and added, almost with a verbal shrug, "It's all the same to me." He wrote in his postscript, "I hope my answers have been sufficiently informative. For personal reasons I couldn't be more 'explicit.'"

We are hardly immune to such fear here in the United States. The 1950s red scare led to all forms of political suppression and moral censorship, some disguised, some not. Dr. Fredric Wertham published his infamous tract *The Seduction of the Innocent* under the guise of legitimate psychological analysis. In it, he condemned comic books for sexually seducing youth with lewd illustrations and sadistically motivated stories. Apart from his shoddy methods of analysis (he suggested that drawings of various characters' limbs contained the images of nude women!), further studies have not supported his allegations that a direct correlation existed between the increase of violence and comic book reading. The effects of Wertham's campaign were far-reaching. Comics were censored and further relegated to the realm of the juvenile, no adult themes could be approached. Ironically, the comics most victimized by these charges, those published by E.C., were the most politically liberal. Inside the E.C. books, racism, bigotry, and mindless, killing greed were in fact attacked. Where is the boundary between the political and the cultural?

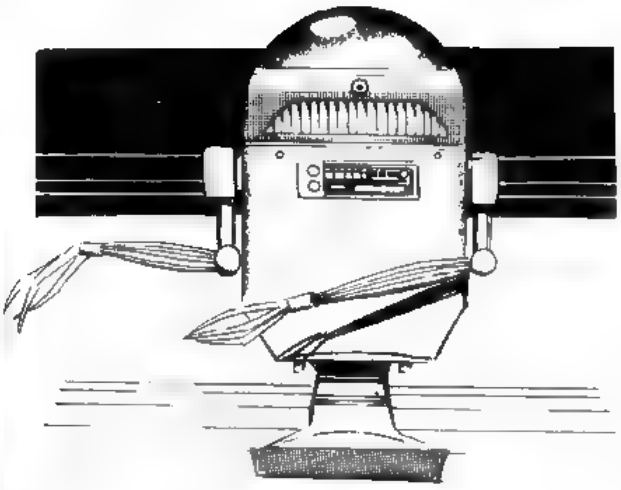
Certainly, enough persons in America today—such as the members of the Moral Majority and the Coalition for Better Television—recognize that same force at work. Like their fascist predecessors, they correctly understand the relationship between morality, culture, and politics. they are attempting to control who defines the relationship. This approach is not particular to the Right. The Women against Pornography are just as willing to employ mind control to further their own supposedly legitimate ends.

The ultimate act of violence is an act that tries to harness the freedom of one's own judgment. A television set can be turned off, and a movie or magazine doesn't have to be looked at. The arbiters of public morality know that. But they confuse the issue. To paraphrase Thomas Pynchon, in *Gravity's Rainbow*, get them asking the wrong questions and they won't be getting the right answers.

DOMESTIC UNIT 3M

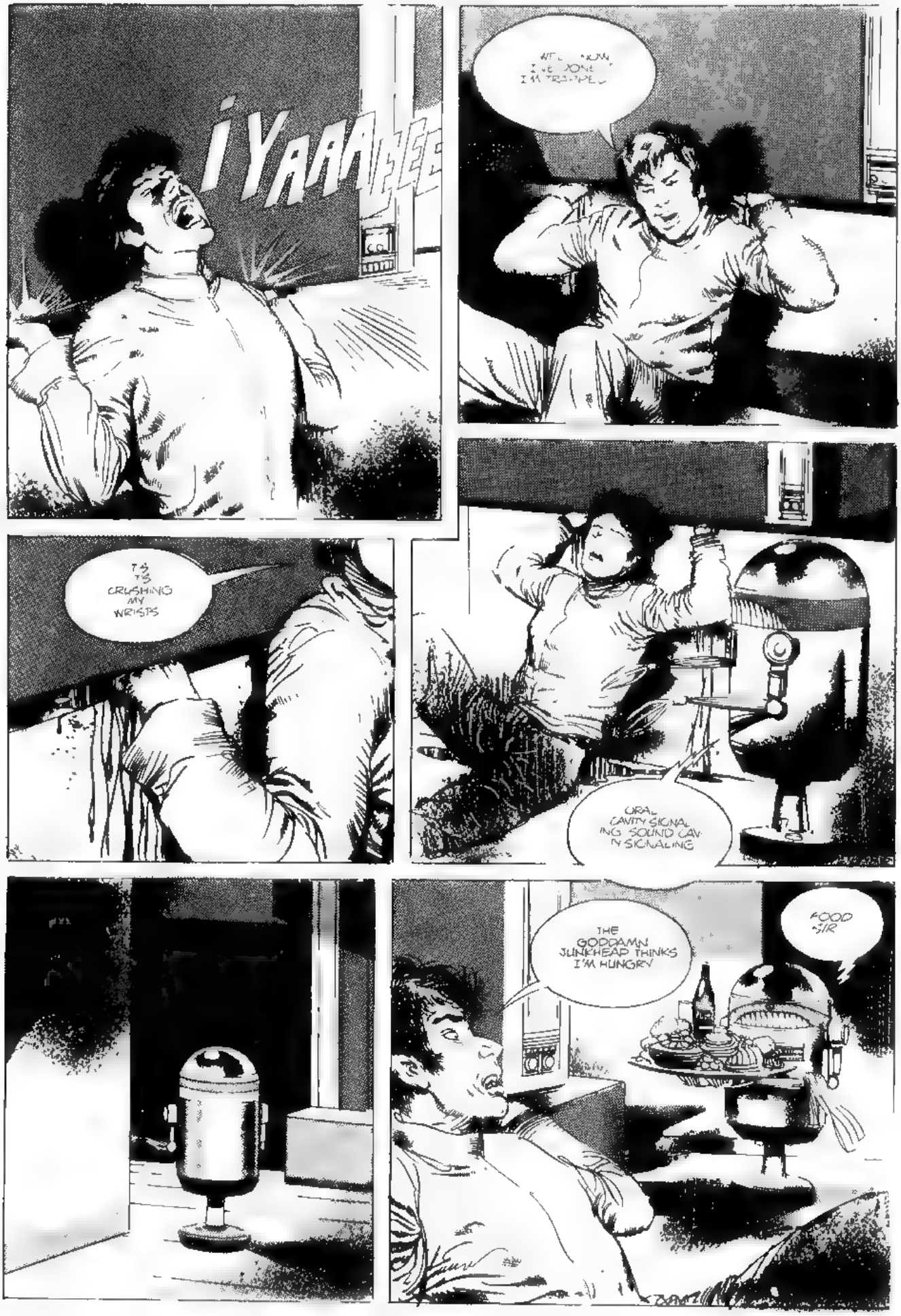
A CONSTELLATION FUELING STATION AND REFRESHMENT MESS
COME ON NEMO TELL US A STORY AND KEEP IT RAUNCHY
OKAY YOU TURKEYS LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE DITTY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ON ONE OF THEM BACK-ALLEY PLANETS WAY OUT ON C GALAXY IT WAS A MESS THE PLACE SMELLED OF DEATH SO MUCH SO THAT GOD WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER NOT TO CREATE HUMANITY AT ALL I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT
CUT THE SHIT UNCLE NEMO YOU ALMOST MISSED IN YOUR PANTS THE LAST TIME YOU HEARD ONE OF THEM WEIRD TALES
IF ALL ELSE FAILS, CONSTARIANS WOULD PREFER DEATH TO GOING UNNOTICED

ON THIS GODFORSAKEN PLANET THEY'D SIMPLY HAVE GOTTEN NO WHERE WITH THEIR MACHINERY WE ALL KNOW THE PROBLEM · YOU GET A GAGGLE OF LOATHSOME LITTLE ANDROIDS AND NARROW-MINDED SERVICE ROBOTS COULD DRIVE YA AROUND THE FUCK N' BEND



LOVELL IS EXPECTING ME IN LONDON IN AN HOUR I CAN'T LEAVE THE GENERATOR OUT LIKE THIS
3M WAS A VERY POPULAR MODEL AT THE TIME ,IT WAS A SIMPLE DOMESTIC UNIT THAT DIDN'T MANAGE MUCH BEYOND ELEMENTARY HOUSEHOLD TASKS
I'LL LEAVE IT ON ITS SIDE SO THE HUMIDITY ABSORBERS
COMPUTATION REJECTED OBJECT WEIGHT IS TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS IN EXCESS NEGATIVE

I'LL FIRE THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL BEFORE TURNING IT I'LL SET IT FOR FIVE HOURS
FULLY INDEPENDENT AUTOMATICS NOW ENGAGED NO ORDER WILL BE ADMITTED DURING THE NEXT 300 MINUTES
CLICK


¡YAAAEEE
I'VE DONE IT
I'M TRIUMPH
T-S T-S CRUSHING MY WRISTS
ORAL CAVITY SIGNALING SOUND CAVITY SIGNALING
THE GODDAMN JUNKHEAD THINKS I'M HUNGRY
FOOD SIR

I'M NOT HUNGRY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH? HELP ME!
SUBJECT UNABLE TO TRANSFER FOOD
FOOD ON WHEELS INVALID-ASSISTANCE PROGRAM NOW ACTIVATED SUBJECT DEPRIVED OF USE OF SUPERIOR LIMBS
ARRRGGHHOGG HE'S STUFFING THIS FOOD DOWN ME UGHHH STOPPP!
YOU'RE ASPHYXIATING ME! YOU'RE A MANIAC
DIGESTIVE SUSPENSION AT 30 PERCENT AMONG SOLID FOOD PLEASE DRINK THIS. THIS MIXTURE HAS BEEN ASSESSED PARTICULARLY FOR INVALIDS
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? BUT BU IT'S STOPPED

I CAN'T HOLD UP MUCH LONGER. FINALLY THE NAG IS NOTICING ALL THIS BLOOD
RED LIQUID STAIN ON WALL MUST HAVE UPHOLSTERY AND FURNITURE DRY-CLEANED IMMEDIATELY APPLY BENZOWIX ACID
STAIN REMOVER AND DRY DETERGENT NOW BEING APPLIED TO AFFECTED ZONES
HE HASN'T LISTENED TO ANY OF MY ORDERS IN THE PAST FIVE HOURS
OUTER TEXTILE UNIT DEMANDS IN-STANT CLEANSING. TWO PERCENT OF HOXTENOL SOLUTION APPLIED, FOLLOWED BY CLEAR WATER RINSE NOW ENGAGED
SAME TEXTILE MATERIAL NOW DAMAGED. SEWING UNIT NOW ACTIVATED
YOU GODDAMN INVENTION OF THE DEVIL! YOU'RE SEWING MY FLESH!
FLESH? WHAT IS THIS FLESH?
RRRZZZZ

F-L-E-S-H NOT DIRECTLY REGISTERED. RELATES TO MEAT. COMPATIBLE WITH PREVIOUS SUBPROGRAM. INDIRECT ORDER NON-COMPUTABLE
NO MORE FOOD GET A DOCTOR AND QUICKLY! SOMEONE WHO OH MY VISION IS FADING FAST!
BUUUUUUZZZZ
LISTEN, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR FINALLY LET THEM IN! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
OPEN UP HANS I'VE JUST COME BY FOR A QUICK DRINK
CLUNK
IT'S TOM! HE MUST HEAR ME! IF HE LEAVES I'M SUNK SHIT, THIS GOD DAMN ROBOT HAS STUFFED MY MOUTH AND I CAN'T SPEAK
MMMMFFF!
THIS IS MR HANS'S DOMESTIC UNIT ADJUSTED FOR INDEPENDENT AUTOMATIC OPERATION NO ORDERS ACCEPTED AT THE MOMENT YOU CAN LEAVE A RECORDED MESSAGE AT THE SOUND OF THE BLEEP PRESS FREQUENCY SELECTION 6-8 MR HANS IS PRESENTLY EATING
HANS I WAS JUST PASSING BY CALL ME TOMORROW WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MOMENT AREN'T YOU GOING OFF TO LONDON?
I KNOW HOW FOND OF FOOD YOU ARE, OLD MAN. DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU FROM IT UNTIL TOMORROW THEN!

MASTER'S SHOES SHOW DEFINITE EVIDENCE OF WEAR PRECIPIAN GREEN NOW ON SUPPLY
HYGIENIC TREATMENT NORMAL LEVEL
HIS IS IT! I'M DYING!
CLICK!
INDEPEN... AUTOMATIC OPERATION NOW FINISHED STAND BY FOR DIRECT ORDERS FROM THIS MOMENT ON ALL ORDERS COMPUTABLE

MASTER NOW ASLEEP CLEANSING POSTPONED SIX HOURS
R2
REST PROGRAM, LIGHTING SYSTEM DISENGAGED
GOOD NIGHT, SIR. I SHALL REMAIN HERE READY FOR ANY ORDER, AT ANY TIME
ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY FOUND HIM A MONTH LATER YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME DEPENDING ON AN OUTDATED TOOL LIKE THAT
YOU'RE GETTING OLD UNCLE NEMO THAT WAS JUST ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR CHEAP SPACE OPERAS
JESUS HIM AND HIS ANTI CYBERNETICS LECTURES HENRY, WANTA SNORT?
YEAH ' TELL US THE PLUTONIAN ORGY STORY AGAIN AND PUHLEASSSE SPARE US YOUR ROBOTS
THE END

Collage by Larry Lanoff

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 Sorry — SOLD OUT

#2/MAY 1977 Russian astronauts. Roger the paranoid puppet. Conquering Armies: the ultimate rock festival and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's "Rockbuzz: the highly praised Shells; the beginning of Dava's World Apart. Moebius. Corben. Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius. Arzach plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow" also the first installment of Sunpot ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977 The saga of Ptolonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more. World Apart, Den, and Ptolonius ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. Moebius' Airtight Garage. Den and Ptolonius back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977 New Hellan Ellison fiction, new color pages by Moebius and Rombaud, conclusions for Ptolonius and World Apart ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet. Fortuna's Foot by Chaykin and Weinplus full color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Cavezzoli and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny. Lob and Richard Corben's Upstairs. Conquering Armies concludes. Den continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978 New adventures of Barbarella in unpainted cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius. Corben et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella, more Den, and yet more Den ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978 Our first anniversary issue! A thirty page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den weasels up ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978. Jim the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino lops his hat ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic, More Than Human, is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of "Neuman" ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for Barbarella, a sad ending for 1996. the resumption of Druillet's Gail and yet more Heilman. "Orion." More "Than Human" and Corben's Arabian Nights. ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978 Sorry — SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978. Corben's Sindbad. Moebius's Major Heilman. Orion. Jane Soame on Gaia and Hanan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978. Exterminator 17. Ellison's illustrated Glass Cobwebs. the debut of Moebius's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978. Twenty pages of the Density Chaykin Empire more Sindbad. Exterminator. Major Grubert. Heilman. a biography of more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978. The stocking is full with Orion, Ketchner's Tarot, and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979 Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes Gail. plus Metal and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979 Galactic Geographic. Starslayer. Corben's Sindbad. Moebius' So Beautiful and So Dangerous. plus Moebius Biel and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination". Starslayer II and Heilman's airbrushed ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Weinberg, Gideon Faust, the Alien portfolio and Vampirella's "The Quit." And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979 It is all-American teakettle for Druillet's Dancin' Fool. Proud Lilah, fifteen endless including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979 Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous. ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's Zooks premieres Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius's more. Huge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979 Caza steals the show with New Ark City plus Mayerick Suydam. Galactic Geographic. Bode more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Epic. Buck Rogers is card marked. Elric and Little Red Van Zandt to Mongolian and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979 Halloween stinkes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Brocca, Druillet, Suydam others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Lo, we give thanks for Corben's Rowlf. Bode's Zooks. Brunner's Elric. Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination." Moebius and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979 A Chi'smas package from Caza, Corben, Kaluta, Suydam, Smith, Trina, Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year — a new decade begins with a new look for HM with the debut of four new columnists, new artists here, McMeekin's and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980 An eerie Cousin's cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins. McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Man Howarth on a crazed sailing trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980 Why did "The Crevasse" take seamen's? For the answer read the Schutter Boss story! Plus Corben, Morrow, Moebius and Lee Marvis. Good by stairs! ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue — 92 pages of Champagne in every color, the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Blair, Howarth, Corben, Bode, and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axis ever find out? Will Champagne reach the Doll of Jade? Well, see for sure with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980 Champagne meets his fate while Cap'n Sterno saves the day. And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas come to Earth. ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980 The Archetypal Supreme concludes with Axis learning the truth about his sidekick Mutsky. Blair's Progress begins, and Moebius returns with Shore Leave. ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980 Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo, while Moebius concludes Shore Leave (and is interviewed). Bilal continues. Progress. ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980 The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's Progress picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Lee Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while Rock Opera gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980 Our Special Rock issue packed with goodies by Mickie Madeiros, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Vessles, the Howarth Kaleidoscope Jr. Colon and Mezzo and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980 With the Shogun spirit abroad this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its glamour. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's illustrated Bloodstar. Crepax's Valentina and Godard and Roberts's What's Really Papa? Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," Rock Opera, and Moebius! $3.00

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronation returns with "Woman Down" Wood makes his HM debut with "Bang, Hah" Plus more Corben, Godard and Roberts Mezieres and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us "There's a Prince Charming on Phenixon. Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at the year's Lucca fest. "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outta trouble, while "Bloodstar ... What Is Really Papa?" "Salammbo," and "Rock Opera" continue. Plus, Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book, *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself. Ah, Magic ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981. Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Really Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. And Druillet's interpretation of Poe's classic, Salammbo comes to an end. Even with all of that going on we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth and Corben's Bloodstar. Plus Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981 Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Blood star," Gimenez's "Good-bye Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories From London," and an interview with Juan Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one short, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premieres of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal." Fate. Plus, Suydam's "The Tall Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and "Rock Champs" wraps up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup primer caps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: Spurred on the Immoral Majority, the third part of the Corben interview plus a sixteen page pullout section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Gimenez's "Infantryment Infantryment," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror ($3.00)

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STERANKO
TUESDAY, 8:55 P.M.
MONITORME WAS DEAD, KILLED BECAUSE O'NIEL CAME TOO CLOSE TO DISCOVERING THE TRUTH. THE LAWMAN LOOKED AT THE NOTE HIS DEPUTY HAD GIVEN HIM. IT WAS SHORT, SIMPLE. "FOOD LOCKER-GEN. MGR."
LESS THAN TWO MINUTES AFTER HE ENTERED THE HUGE FREEZER, THE KILLER STRUCK. BEFORE O'NIEL COULD EXAMINE THE LONG ROWS OF BEEF, LOOKING FOR THOSE WHICH HAD BEEN SHUTTLED IN MOST RECENTLY, A GARROTE SLIPPED AROUND HIS NECK. THE MARSHAL TWISTED SIDEWAYS, ENOUGH TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YARIO, BEFORE THE BIG DOCK WORKER JAMMED HIS KNEE INTO O'NIEL'S BACK, LIFTING HIM OFF THE FLOOR. THE LAWMAN'S FINGERS CLAWED HOPELESSLY AT THE WIRE AS IT TIGHTENED, RELENTLESSLY CUTTING OFF HIS AIR. HE TRIED MAULING HIS ATTACKER, BUT THE MAN WAS TOO STRONG! A HARSH, RASPING SOUND BROKE FROM O'NIEL'S THROAT AS HE RECALLED MONITOME'S NOTE. EITHER THE DEPUTY HAD DECIDED TO AID O'NIEL WITH INFORMATION OR LEAD HIM INTO A DEATH TRAP. NOW, IT WAS TOO LATE TO FIND OUT...
THE LAWMAN WENT LIMP, AND SLUMPED HEAVILY TO THE FREEZER FLOOR...
YARIO RELEASED THE FIGURE AND BREATHLESSLY STOOD UP. O'NIEL DID NOT MOVE...
THE DOCKWORKER PAUSED TO INSPECT A THICK SLAB OF MEAT THAT HUNG NEARBY...
SATISFIED THAT IT HAD NOT BEEN TAMPERED WITH, HE TURNED TO LEAVE THE FRIGID ROOM...
AND WAS STUNNED SENSELESS AS SOMETHING HARD SLAMMED INTO HIM FROM BEHIND...
ANOTHER BONE-SHATTERING, LETHAL BLOW FOLLOWED AND SWIFTLY FINISHED THE JOB...
O'NIEL REMOVED THE HEAVY, PROTECTIVE PLASTIC COLLAR FROM AROUND HIS NECK...
AND SET OUT TO COMPLETE THE SMALL TASK THAT HAD ALMOST COST HIM HIS LIFE...

TUESDAY 9:35 P.M.
THE OFFICE OF GENERAL MANAGER MARK B. SHEPPARD. ONE OF THE WALLS HAD BEEN CONVERTED INTO A HUGE PROJECTION SCREEN. A COMPUTER REGISTERED THE FORCE OF THE BALLS. THE PLAYER DID NOT LOOK UP AS O'NIEL ENTERED...
YOU KNOW, I CAN HIT A SEVEN IRON FIVE HUNDRED YARDS! FIX YOURSELF A DRINK! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, O'NIEL! HOW MUCH? WHAT DOES A GODDAMN HERO COST? I THINK THIS RUG HAS A BREAK TO THE LEFT! KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH?
CON-AM WIRES ME TO DIG AS MUCH ORE OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE AS POSSIBLE! MY BOOZE IS GOOD AND MY HOOKERS ARE CLEAN. THE MARSHALS ARE PAID A BONUS FOR DIGGING MORE ORE. THEY'RE HAPPY, THE COMPANY'S HAPPY...THEN I'M HAPPY! OKAY?
IT WORKS. THAT'S ENOUGH. THERE'S ONE OF ME ON EVERY MINING OPERATION IN THE GALAXY. EVERY MARSHAL KNOWS THE SCORE. SO DO YOU. IF YOU'RE SUCH A DAMN SUPERCOP, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON IO? I READ YOUR RECORD.
THEY SEND YOU FROM ONE TOILET TO THE NEXT BECAUSE OF YOUR BIG MOUTH! ME? I'M GONNA MAKE MINE AND GET THE HELL OUT! NOW GO HOME AND POLISH YOUR BADGE. YOU'RE DEALING WITH GROWN-UPS! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE!
I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE MEAT LOCKER. I FOUND TWO HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS OF HAMBURGER NAMED YABO... AND YOUR DRUG SHIPMENT! I THREW THE HAMBURGER IN JAIL, AND THE PDE IN THE TOILET! MAYBE IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND...I FORGET!
200
150
125
75
YOU'VE BEEN A BIG-LITTLE MARSHAL! I THINK MAYBE I'VE MISJUDGED YOU! YOU'RE NOT STUPID. YOU'RE CRAZY!
I FOUND OVER A HUNDRED VIALS OF THAT STUFF! THERE'S A LOT OF HAPPINESS YOU AND THE COMPANY WON'T HAVE!
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'VE CAUSED MORE THAN A MERE INCONVENIENCE? BELIEVE IT. WHAT YOU GOT IS NOTHING!
BUT WHOEVER SENT THE STUFF TO YOU IS GOING TO BE VERY MAD YOU LOST IT! GROWN-UPS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.
CHRIST! THAT MUCH STUFF COULD BUY A DOZEN MARSHALS FOR LIFE. LET'S HAVE IT, O'NIEL! JUST WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?
JUST ONE THING, SHEPPARD. YOU! TAKE MY ADVICE. DON'T OVERDO IT! SWING EASY! THE GAME IS ALMOST OVER!
YOU'RE THROUGH, O'NIEL! YOU'RE FINISHED, UNDERSTAND? DEAD, MARSHAL! YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
I HEAR YOU.

WEDNESDAY, 6:22 A.M.

O'NIEL WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO TRAVEL ALONG THE MOST DESERTED CORRIDORS OF CON-AM 27 AS HE DESCENDED INTO THE **DEPTHS** OF THE MINING OPERATION. THE COLONY'S ELECTRICAL BAY, A VAST SUBTERRANEAN **JUNGLE** OF LIVING WIRES AND MACHINES THAT AUTOMATICALLY REPAIRED THEMSELVES, AN EERE, PULSING HUM, MOANED ALONG THE MASSIVE POWER CABLES FED BY GIANT SOLAR-ENERGY PLATES ON THE SMALL MOON'S SURFACE. A GALAXY OF FIBER OPTICS AND PANEL LIGHTS GLOWED STRANGELY FROM THE METAL AND PLASTIC ALLOY WALLS, ILLUMINATING THE NIGHTMARISH CAVERNS LIKE A SCENE FROM **DANTE'S INFERNO.**

THE LAWMAN CREPT ALONG THE TANGLED NEXUS OF COMMUNICATION LINES, INTERFACIAL AND COMPUTER LINK-UPS, TRACING THEM ON A **MAP** UNTIL HE FOUND A SMALL GRAY CODE BOX DESIGNATED **ADMINISTRATION.** MOMENTS LATER, HE CAREFULLY CONNECTED A MINIATURE **MONITOR,** USING STRONG ALLIGATOR CLIPS, TO THE UNIVERSAL MEMORY UNIT, AND SPLICED WIRE SECTIONS TO **BYPASS** ALL INTERNAL SECURITY DEVICES.

THE TINY BOX RESPONDED WITH THE DATA O'NIEL NEEDED:

4 **COMMUNICATIONS**
3 **INTER-OFFICE**
1 **LONG DISTANCE TO CON-AM SPACE STATION**

WITHIN AN HOUR, HE HAD THE **FINAL EVIDENCE** HE SOUGHT TO EXPOSE THE CORRUPT CHAIN OF COMMAND. O'NIEL HIT THE REPLAY BUTTON AGAIN...

BELLOWS, THIS IS SWEPPARD! WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE DOWN HERE... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT IF I HAVE YOUR **HELP!**

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON? YOU'RE GETTING PEOPLE UPSET WHO **SHOULDN'T** BE UPSET. I CAN'T SAY I **BLAME** THEM!

TELL THEM I CAN TAKE CARE OF **EVERYTHING!** SEND ME A COUPLE OF YOUR **BEST** MEN! IT'LL BE STRAIGHTENED OUT **QUICK!**

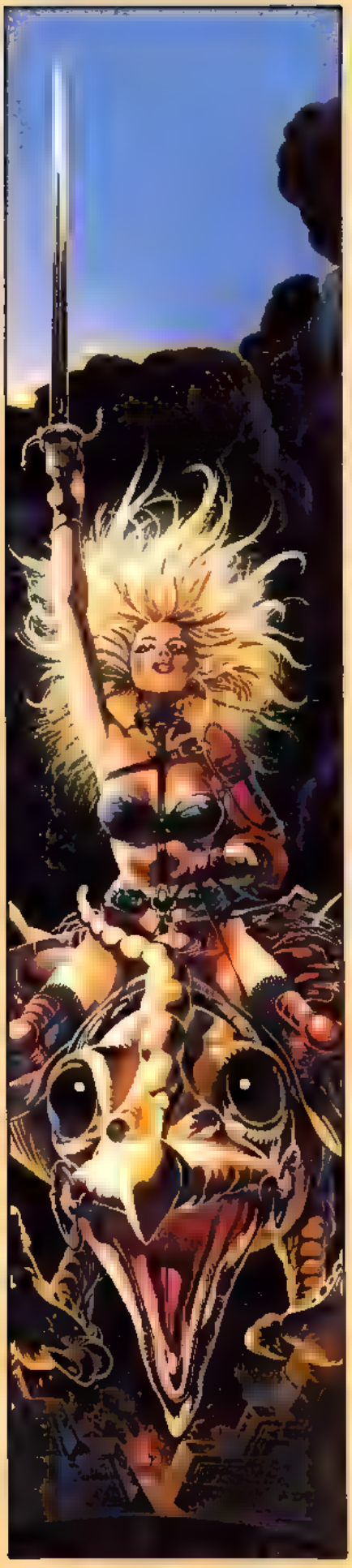
IF THE COMPANY GETS WIND OF THIS, IT'LL MEAN TROUBLE! THEY LOSE THEIR FRANCHISE AND WE'RE **OUT OF BUSINESS!**

DON'T WORRY THERE'S ONLY **ONE** PROBLEM, AND YOUR TWO MEN WILL ELIMINATE IT! WHEN CAN THEY PAY US A LITTLE **VISIT?**

HOW ABOUT THE **NEXT** SHUTTLE? BUT I'M WARNING YOU SWEPPARD--SCREW UP AND THEY'LL BE COMING DOWN FOR **YOU!**

IT'S IN THE **BAG! NOBODY** WILL STICK THEIR NECKS OUT ONCE THE WORD IS SPREAD. **FORGET** IT - O'NIEL IS A **DEAD** MAN!

TO BE CONTINUED



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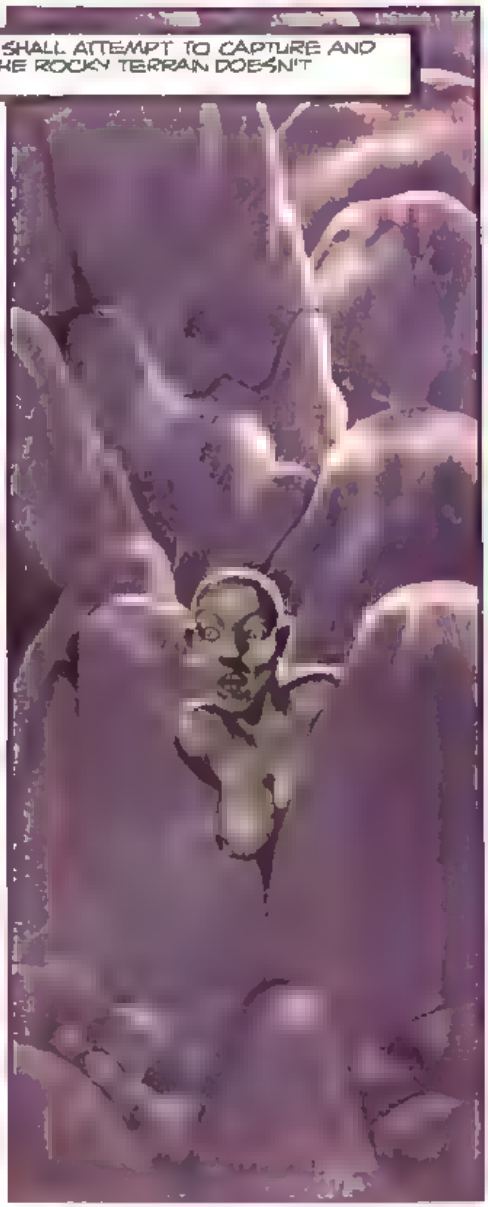
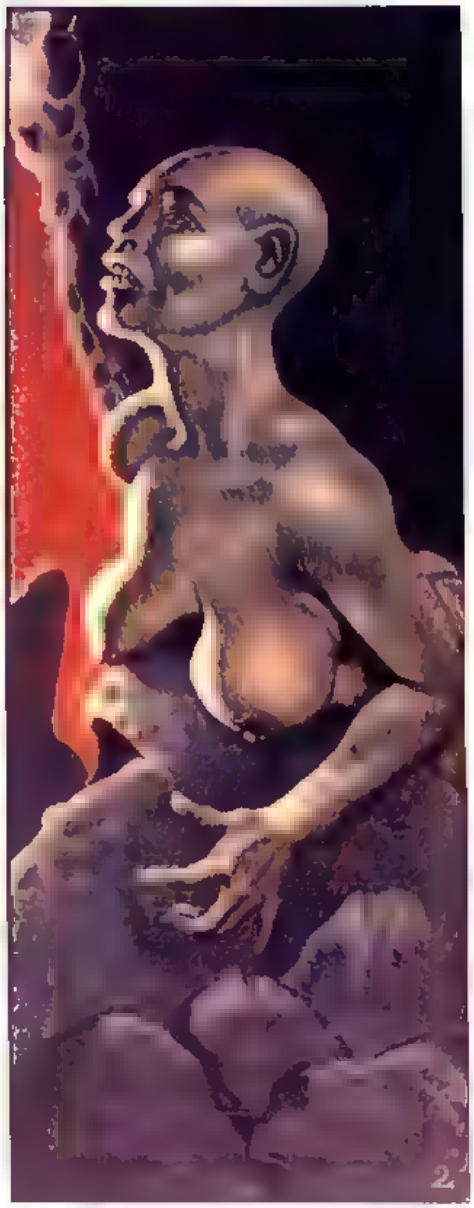
FEWER

FROM NOW ON I MUST BE EX
TREMELY CAREFUL

IT IS A VERY DELICATE PROCEDURE I SHALL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE AND
ISOLATE THIS STRANGE PARASITE THE ROCKY TERRAIN DOESN'T
HELP MUCH




2

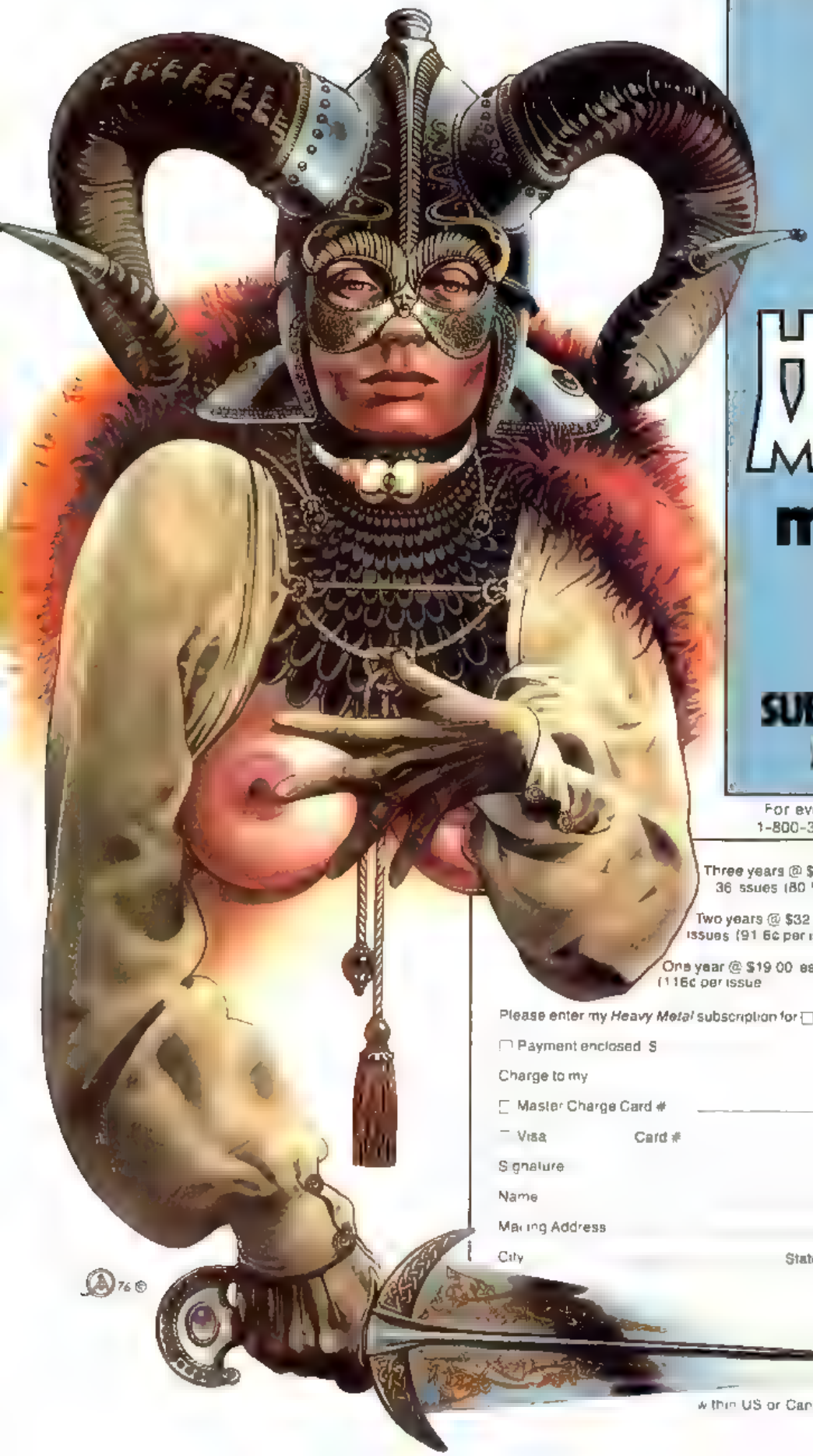
IT'S MOST IMPORTANT TO TAKE THE BOGEY AT ITS BASE. IT BECOMES ALMOST TOO DIFFICULT TO HANDLE WHEN THE BEAST HAS DISCOVERED ITS OWN SYSTEM OF DEFENSE

WITHOUT EVEN TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE POST OPERATIVE SHOCK

WHICH FURTHER IMPEDES THE ALREADY DIFFICULT POSSIBILITIES OF PROGRESSION

7

WE TRIED THE BEST CHEMOTHERAPY TREATMENTS AVAILABLE TO KEEP OUR GREAT MASTER ALIVE IT'S TIME TO RECORD OUR FAILURE



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76 ©

3!
USA
In a foolish attempt to stop my friend Marty from kidnapping the Miss Moral America semi-finalists, I had followed General Banzai out across the Space Skuttle launchpad.
I curled into a fetal position, and my life began to flash before my eyes...
1!
As he disappeared into the cockpit, I realized that in a matter of seconds the Tarmac would become a fiery blast furnace--and that I would die instantly...
Hey!
ABC SISTERS + ME
LEAGUE FOR DECENCY FOR NATION FEB 5C
HEY! WHAT'S THAT ADE YOU GOT'S THERE?
My reverie was interrupted by a red-faced Marty, whose head popped out of a porthole.
Hey! What the hell are you doing down there, praying to Mecca?
I'm not dead--what happened?
USA

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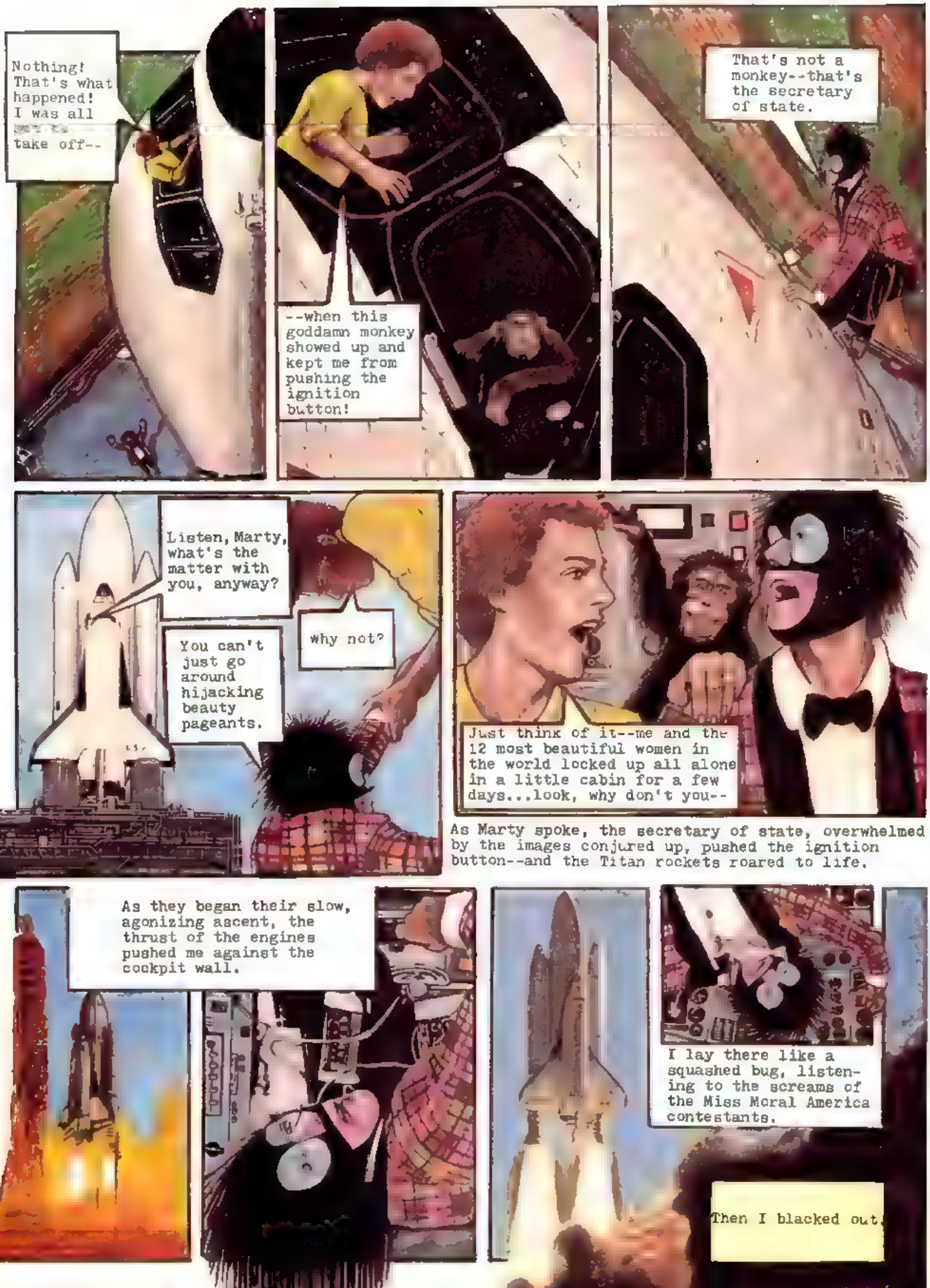
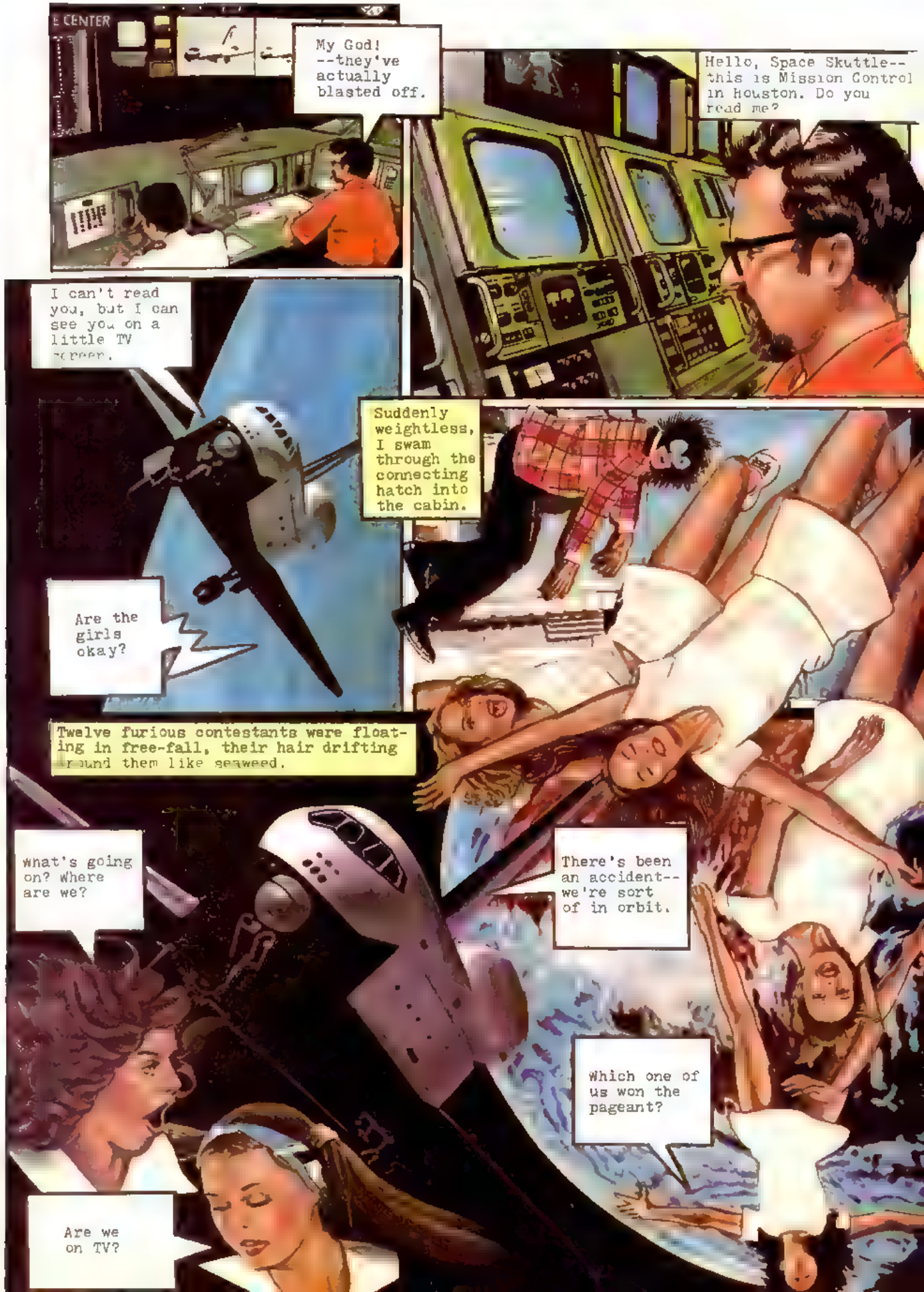

Nothing! That's what happened! I was all set to take off--
--when this goddamn monkey showed up and kept me from pushing the ignition button!
That's not a monkey--that's the secretary of state.
Listen, Marty, what's the matter with you, anyway?
You can't just go around hijacking beauty pageants.
why not?
Just think of it--me and the 12 most beautiful women in the world locked up all alone in a little cabin for a few days...look, why don't you--
As they began their slow, agonizing ascent, the thrust of the engines pushed me against the cockpit wall.
I lay there like a squashed bug, listening to the screams of the Miss Moral America contestants.
Then I blacked out.

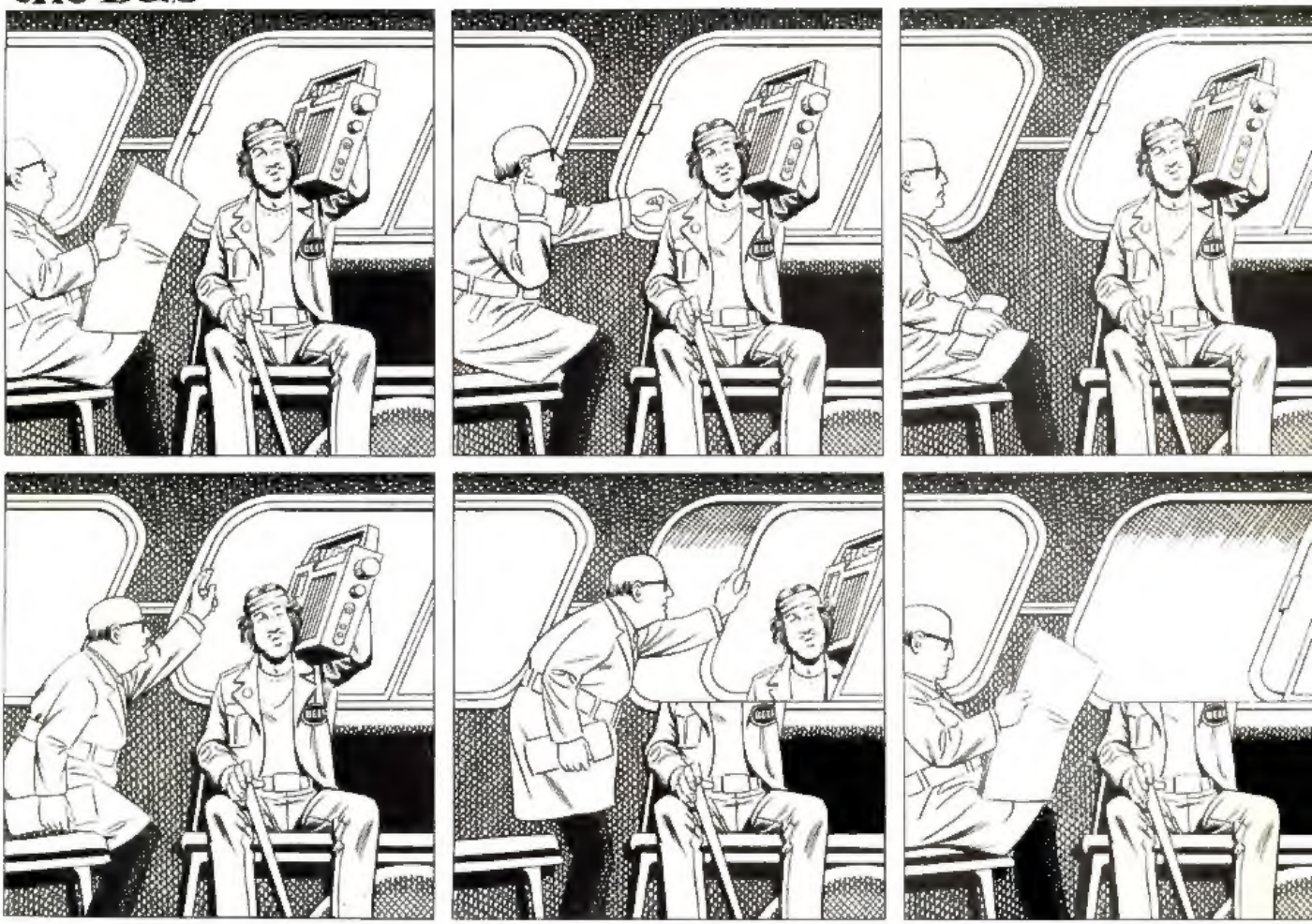
As Marty spoke, the secretary of state, overwhelmed by the images conjured up, pushed the ignition button--and the Titan rockets roared to life.


E CENTER
My God! --they've actually blasted off.
Hello, Space Skuttle--this is Mission Control in Houston. Do you read me?
I can't read you, but I can see you on a little TV screen.
Suddenly weightless, I swam through the connecting hatch into the cabin.
Are the girls okay?
Twelve furious contestants were floating in free-fall, their hair drifting around them like seaweed.
What's going on? Where are we?
There's been an accident--we're sort of in orbit.
Which one of us won the pageant?
Are we on TV?

Hey! Keep the chimp away from the steering wheel!
Oh, for Christ's sake--now you're stuck in a spin...
The stars seemed to stretch into luminous strands of thread, while the earth spun around us like a giant marble.
So what do we do now?
There isn't a hell of a lot you can do. You don't have any fuel.
I'm afraid you're headed out of the solar system--of course you'll all be dead in a few days, anyway.
No! I'm sorry--I refuse to deal with this any further! It's ridiculous!
Well, I'm pretty upset, too. That damn spinning looks so stupid...
To be continued.

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

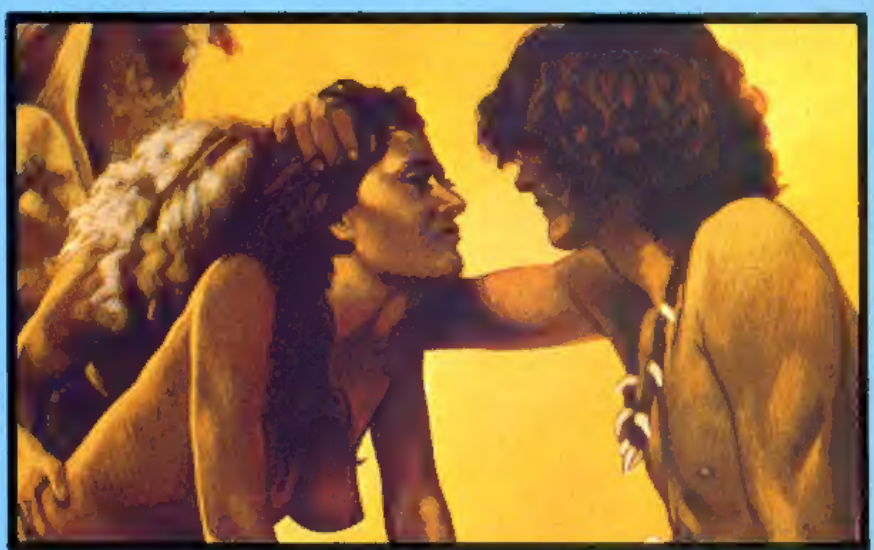


COMING

In the November issue of *HM* we offer for your reading pleasure **Jeronaton**'s (of "Champakou" fame) newest strip, "The Egg of the World." Snappy title, don't you think? It's all about two young Indians who represent their respective tribes in an all-out fight for the sacred "all-powerful egg." Sounds hokey, but actually it's sorta nice. Lots of intrigue, adventure, and lovin', too.

The **Dillons.** A name synonymous with the fantastic, the awesome, the macabre. We shall present, without commercial interruption, a gallery section chock full o' beautiful works from their new book, due out this fall.

We will also sadly bid adieu to our friend "Tex Arcana," who after next month will be taking a short sabbatical.



Seems Meester Arcana has been bitten just once too often and needs a bit of rest. But he'll be back! We hope in time for Valentine's Day, as a matter of fact. Please, Tex! No hickies.

Plus: the conclusion of **Steranko**'s "Outland" and the continuations of **Corben**'s "Den," **Bilal**'s "The Immortals' Fete," and **Jeff Jones**'s "I'm Age."

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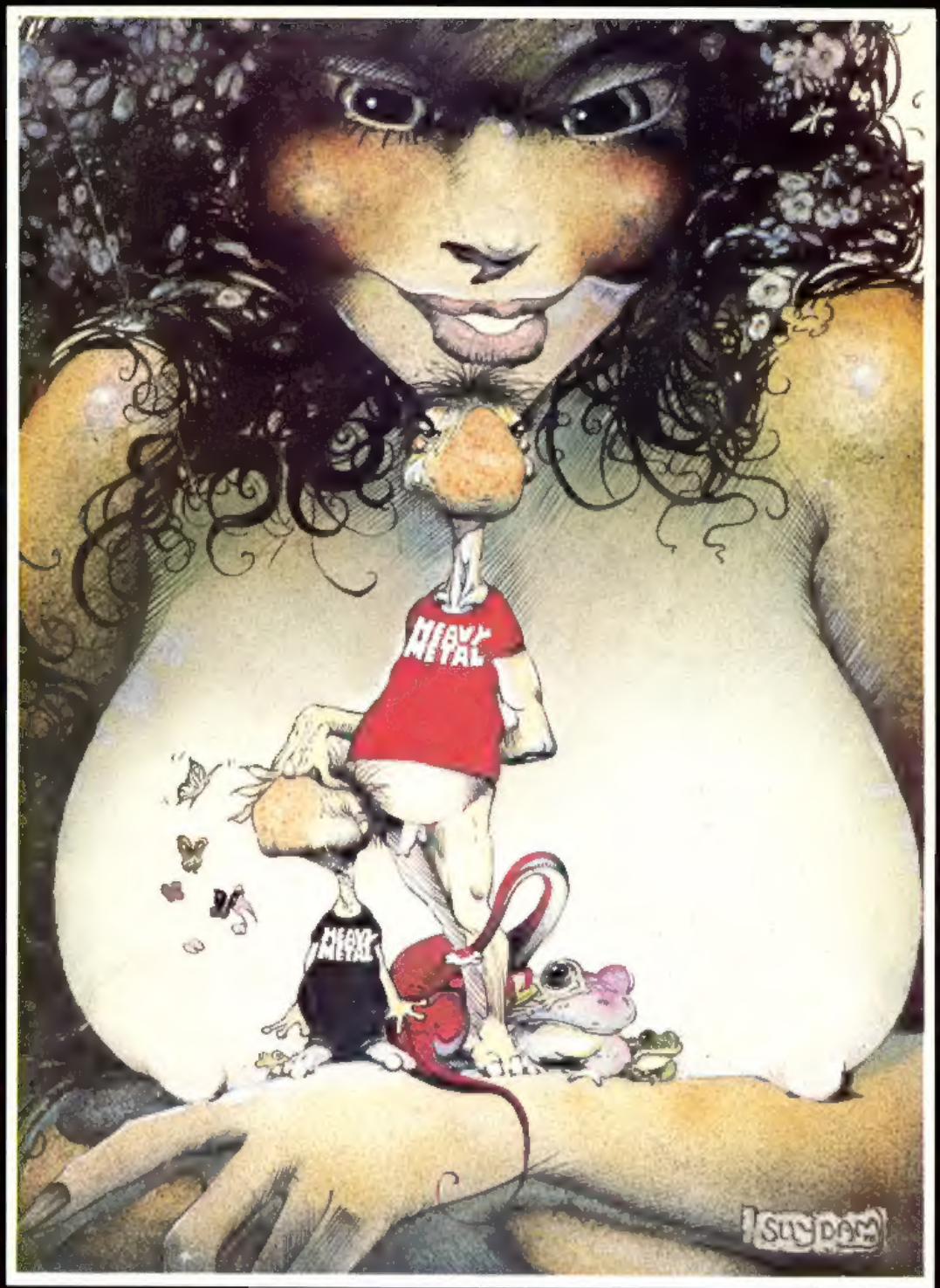

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Chaykin and Simonson's Shakespeare for Americans!
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Segrelles's Mercenary!
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